Make 1917 safe by signing our Free Zepp. Insurance Coupon on Page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol XXI. No 553. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1917. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

242165 A

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King

NESTLÉ'S MILK

What 'Truth' says:

"The one thing that every "mother wants, the ideal "food which will take the "place of the maternal "supply, if need be, and "which in any case may be "absolutely relied upon, "when her baby is weaned, "to supply all that is "needful in building up a "sound, healthy physique."

Babies fed on Nestlé's Milk not only thrive in babyhood, they thrive in after life, as many a one-time Nestlé-fed baby now fighting for England has generously testified.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores and Boots' Cash Chemists

Cash price 9½d. and 5½d. per tin

The More Beer Brewed

The Greater the Supply of Milk.

"I THINK the public do not quite understand that the brewer not only brews beer but produces milk. If we did not have the brewer's grains we could not send milk to our large towns in the quantities we now do."—President of the Board of Agriculture, 20th December, 1916.

And there is no waste in Beer. Look at these figures which show how brewing does help the food supply.

BEER IS MADE FROM BARLEY.

A Quarter of Barley weighs **448 lbs.**

It is malted, the water being thus evaporated, and then produces:

336lbs. of Malt.
Also **15lbs. of Culms** (a valuable Cattle Food).
Also **25lbs. Poultry Food and Grinding Barley.**

The Malt is brewed and produces:

400lbs. Wet Grains (another valuable Cattle Food).
Also **5 barrels ordinary Beer.**
Also **18lbs. of Yeast** (essential for Bread, most valuable for Food Extracts).

BEER

is part of the

Strength of Britain

—the financial strength:

for with the rest of the trade it contributes over £60,000,000 to the revenue;

—the agricultural strength:

for pigs and poultry, cattle and milch cows, are fed by the above named by-products.

—the physical strength:

for beer is a nutritious food, and makes other food more easily digested, and, therefore, more nutritious.

But there is waste in so-called temperance drinks. They contribute little to the revenue; they are of no use to the farmer; they have no food value; and they all come from abroad. **More Sugar** is used in these temperance drinks than in beer; and the comparatively small amount of sugar—six per cent. of the whole consumption—used in beer is of a kind which could not be used for domestic purposes.

There is no waste in BEER.

Special Offer to 2,000 "John Bull" Readers

Mr. Horatio Bottomley wrote:—
"These fifteen volumes constitute more than a study; they are a veritable recreation—an intellectual rest from the great war strain. The mass of ephemeral fiction with which men and women once regaled themselves is being thrown into the dustbin."

Delivered 1/- NOW

16 Noble Volumes,
nearly
7,000 Enthralling Pages
with Thousands of Coloured and Other Illustrations.

SELDOM, if ever, has a better offer been made to JOHN BULL readers: the Thrilling Story of Human Experience since the World began, is told in the 15 superb volumes of the profusely illustrated

Harmsworth History of the World

A MORE enthralling story has never been written. To possess these volumes is like having in your home a Cinematograph of the whole world and all its Peoples since the Dawn of History. These volumes enable JOHN BULL readers to survey, as with an all-seeing telescope, the centuries-old range of the whole wide world of mankind. And now is the time to study History—while History is being forged upon the terrible anvil of war. To understand the tremendous world-issues of the present Great War, read this history of causes and effects of other Wars—it is the most thrilling and informing of all reading for the long winter nights, for you and for every member of your family—even the little lads and lasses can "read the pictures."

The "Harmsworth History of the World" embraces within its 15 volumes the history of the World from the beginning of things right away down the Ages to the Assassination of the Austrian Archduke—the portentous incident seized by the Kaiser as the excuse for his attempt to establish Germanic world-domination.

The first 2,000 readers of JOHN BULL who take advantage of this offer will receive FREE a 15s. VOLUME, the magnificent "War Illustrated Album de Luxe," which tells the story of the first phase of the Great War, thus bringing the world-history more up-to-date than any other history ever published.

JOHN BULL readers have the opportunity of securing these great Art-Literature Sets of Volumes on most generous subscription terms, viz., only 1s. down and further small monthly subscriptions of a few shillings each—depending on the binding selected. Space here does not permit anything like adequate description of these stupendous Literary and Pictorial Volumes. Richly-illustrated booklets, beautifully printed in colours, are yours (gratis and post free) for the asking. Send the Coupon to-day — and *send no money* with it—and see for yourself what a magnificent treasury of knowledge is offered on such remarkably generous terms.

POST THIS "JOHN BULL" COUPON
without any Money, NOW.

To THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO., LTD.,
17, New Bridge Street, E.C.

SIRS,—I accept your offer of Illustrated Literature descriptive of "The Harmsworth History of the World," and particulars of how I may have immediate delivery of these 15 Volumes and the 15s. Volume of "The War Illustrated Album de Luxe" FREE on payment of first subscription of only 1s.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 12.) .....

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

OLD CALABAR

"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE
to be given dry during the day.
POULTRY MEALS AND "LAON"
Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.
Samples and Booklet free from the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool.

When the Post Bag arrives

When the post bag arrives every Tommy listens for his name with impatient expectancy. He cannot have a letter every time but you would save him many a disappointment if, now and then, in between the regular letters to him, he received a DAVIS 1d. "Message" Post Card. It will not take you a minute to address and just think of the pleasure it will give him.

DAVIS 1d. 'MESSAGE' POST CARDS are the very thing for this purpose. The messages are crisp and bright, hearty and sincere. There's a Card for every occasion, whether grave or gay, and one of the 500 different messages, comprising the series, will never fail to express your thoughts. Others are for Tommy's use. Send him a few packets in each parcel; they will come back to you and other friends bringing a cheery word and the certain knowledge that he is fit and well.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Post Cards are stocked by all leading stationers. If your own stationer is not among them, write to us for the names of those in your district who can show you a selection.

Look for the following Trade Mark, the guarantee of DAVIS quality. Refuse all others.

A. M. DAVIS & CO. QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

Spinet IS THE SUPER CIGARETTE.

The 'Spinet' Features are -
FINE OLD VIRGINIA,
CORK TIPS. OVAL SHAPE

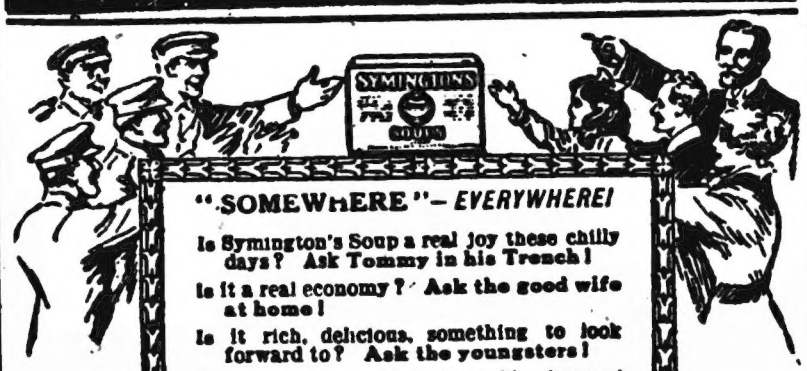
NOTE THE CORK TIP

1/- per tin of 20

DUTY FREE FOR THE FRONT
6/- for 200 POST FREE

The GALLERY CANVASES (CANVAS - NOT PAPER) presented in tins of Spinet form an EXQUISITE MINIATURE ART COLLECTION of the WORLD'S FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

R & J. HILL LTD LONDON



"SOMEWHERE" – EVERYWHERE!

Is Symington's Soup a real joy these chilly days? Ask Tommy in his Trench!

Is it a real economy? Ask the good wife at home!

Is it rich, delicious, something to look forward to? Ask the youngsters!

Or—to save yourself that trouble—buy and try a packet of Symington's Soup yourself to-day

SYMINGTONS SOUPS

13 VARIETIES.—*Tomato, Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Lentil, Kidney, Hare, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Celery, Pea, Scotch Broth, Onion, White Vegetable. Sold everywhere.*

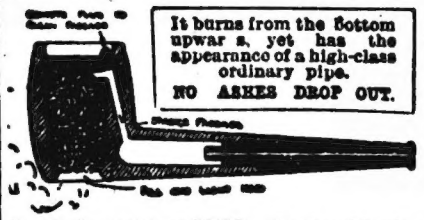
W. Symington & Co., Ltd., Bowden Steam Mills Market Harboro'.

The Wyse Pipe

is the only pipe that can be smoked in bad weather, and on Active Service when all else is forbidden.

It doesn't matter what pipe you have, you need the WYSE PIPE and your pal in the TRENCHES needs it also. Because it is storm-proof—the only pipe you can smoke in bad weather—even the heaviest rain and wind cannot put it out. Get one yourself or the NEW YEAR, and send our pal one—it shows no BETRAYING LIGHT

A Dispatch Rider in France writes:
"The 'Wyse' Pipe is the only pipe for all weathers. You can ride against any wind, and there is no blowing out of tobacco, and no sparks. Also, it shows no glow like an ordinary pipe."



The roofed-in top of the "Wyse" Pipe not only ensures REAL PIPE-JOY in bad weather, but it safeguards the smoker against the attention of snipers.

Our Booklet explains many other exclusive advantages of the "Wyse" Pipe.

Satisfaction Guaranteed by "J.B."

Sent by insured post FREE. Popular, 3/9; silver-mounted, 4/6. Reg. post abroad 4d. extra.
SPECIAL GRADE FOR MUNITIONERS Extra finest French briar, every bowl perfect, beautifully grained, 6/-; silver-mounted, 7/6; gold mounted, 9/-.
London made of selected French briar. On sale at Selfridge's, Harrod's, Army and Navy Stores, or

D. C. WYSE, 6, Gerrard Mansions, 22, Gerrard Street, LONDON, W.

Irish Depot: 28, Waring St., Belfast. Birmingham Depot: James St. John, 83, New St.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS

DON'T LOOK OLD!

Keep Your Employment.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

Obtained everywhere. Free by post for 1/9 from 32, BEDFORD LABORATORY, LONDON, S.E.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 553. Week ending Saturday, January 6th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"A Sublimated Bottomley."

That is how the *Nation* describes the new Government—adding, of course, by way of amplification, "an echo of the emptiest thought and feeling in England." Sublime!

"Watch Hungary——"

And likewise Austria and Bohemia!

Botha and the Boche.

Germany wants her colonies back, does she? Well, ask South Africa about that.

Temporising with Tino!

We have no desire to hustle the new Ministry—but *isn't* it time Tino received the Order of the Boot?

Bravo, Tzar!

That's the way to talk—even if it *was* a little premature, from the diplomatic point of view. But we must remember that the "Little Father," as he is called, was speaking to his Army.

Poland.

It is pretty certain that, whatever else may be in the Peace Treaty, the Poles will see the realisation of their dream—"Not Yet Is Poland Lost"—and will become at last a united kingdom.

General Joffre.

We all join in congratulating General Joffre upon the well-won honour which France has conferred upon him. We must remember that for months he was *our* trusted Commander as well.

The Angelus.

Every week brings us letters from readers telling us how the clergy, in their sermons, are taking up our suggestion for the revival of the Angelus Bell. We suppose, however, we shall have to give it another name before the Protestant Church will accede to the proposal.

Our Latest Name.

We recently commented on the fact that, after being described for months as a "fatuous optimist," we had suddenly been coupled with those who have made "the night of war hideous with our perpetual howling." And now comes the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference telling his audience: "Don't be jumpy—don't make Horatio Bottomley your prophet, or Lord Northcliffe your Dictator." Very primitive!

The Four "B's."

1914, Brussels; 1915, Belgrade; 1916, Bukharest; 1917, *Berlin!*

Farmers' War Profits.

Some farmers are making enormous profits and paying practically nothing in Income Tax. Will Mr. Bonar Law take the hint and a new source of revenue at the same time?

Mobilise the Children.

During the war, no lusty boy or girl, over twelve years of age, should be wasting time at school. But we are afraid that the new "Education" Minister, being a University Professor, will be shocked at this idea.

Those Traitor Princes.

No doubt, during the recess, the Prime Minister will instruct the Attorney-General to prepare the necessary forms for removing the Traitor Princes from the British Peerage. We hope there is not to be the same delay about this matter as there was over the Kaiser and his Garter.

The Drink Problem.

As we predicted, this "problem" has been sorely aggravated by the home drinking engendered by the mad methods of the Control Board. This is an evil which neither Prohibition nor State Control will ever cure; and we warn the Prime Minister to be on his guard against the fanatics who are now confronting him with irresponsible utterances of the past. He is no longer Temperance Tub Thumper—but Britain's War Minister.

Another School Item.

From the Head Master of a Birmingham Church School: "For the term's examination we gave the children 25 questions, to be answered in as few words as possible. Question 24, in English Literature, was 'Who is the Poet Laureate?' and the answer I enclose—'Bottomley.'" Oh, dear us!

The *Real* Laureate.

Here is a verse from a poem which the Poet Laureate wrote for the soldiers at Christmas—we believe his first serious effort during the war:—

Whence—ever of British race ye are sprung
Who hail each other in Shakespeare's tongue,
However your Christmastide be spent
We wish you good joy and merriment.

We fancy we hear our Tommies hailing each other in Shakespeare's tongue with the shells and shrapnel bursting about them—and other "good joy and merriment" about.

The Pen for Princes, Peers, and People—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

Scotch.

It seems that Edinburgh also has a "Committee for securing Restriction or Suspension of the Liquor Traffic during the War." What most people in Edinburgh would prefer is a Committee for securing the Restriction or Suspension of Teetotal Gasbags during the War.

Hun Money.

Now that we are all talking of peace terms, some pronouncement on the £150,000,000 of Hun property held in this country by the Public Trustee would be interesting.

His Money on Us!

Many of our readers are inclined to wrath because, in putting his money on us, Mr. Lloyd George has not announced the name of the gee-gee. "He has stolen your thunder *re* the Business Government," cries one of them; "he ought at least to have given you a monument and a peerage." Never mind. As the old Horatian tag appropriately has it, we have "built a monument more lasting than brass."

From The Book.

How is this for a Biblical prophecy?—*Daniel, chap.* XI., *v.* 3, 4: "And a mighty King shall stand up, that shall rule with great dominion, and do according to his will. And when he shall stand up, his Kingdom shall be broken, and shall be divided toward the four winds of heaven, and not to his posterity, nor according to his dominion which he ruled, for his Kingdom shall be plucked up, even for others beside those." Little Willie might be interested in that, as well as his father, if either of them ever does read the Bible.

The Lie and the Liar.

Judging by the "report on temperance" which the Clerk, the Rev. George Sinclair, one of the United Frees of Dunbar Abbey, presented to the Haddington U. F. Presbytery, that pumpuritan pastor is a wocful inexactitudinarian. "Were they to hold their tongues," he asked, "while they were told that a tot of rum given to men in the trenches had the effect on some of them who were abstainers before the war that when they went out to meet the enemy, intending to shoot him, they shot one another?" There seems to be no lie too shameful for some of these teetotal fanatics. Their tongues ought to be blistered.

Visits to the Interned.

Some pertinent points regarding internment camps are put by an Englishwoman, who says, "Although I married a German, I am still an Englishwoman at heart." An English-born wife must not travel more than five miles to see her husband, but a "naturalised" German relative can journey pretty nearly all over the country, and may visit the prisoner every week—whereas a wife may go but once a month, if permitted to travel. She objects to these opportunities for spying and information-gathering being granted to naturalised outsiders; and the regulations, being as she says they are, certainly need drastic alteration.

A Hard Rule.

A certain man, on leaving prison, promised four convicts he would not forget them. He himself is earning an honest living, and he is sure the others, his companions in adversity, will make good when discharged. So he posted to each a Christmas card and a little brotherly letter. We have seen the letters and cards, and there is no "harm" in them; indeed, their message might do much good. But the Governor of Parkhurst has returned them, saying, "The persons for whom they were intended are not allowed to receive them." Poor "persons"!—not allowed one hopeful word from the friend who they will imagine has forgotten them.

The Letter Box.

One of these days some Governmental Department will have sufficient sense to issue a ukase ordering every person possessing a front door to have a slit cut in that door, for letters. Everybody gets letters now—even if they be but "Call-ups"—and the postman, or postwoman, after knocking, is kept waiting on the step.

That Eight-Ounce Dog.

According to a reader, who tells us that she was the first lady member of the Bull-dog Club—with whose foundation the name of that true sportsman, the late Edgar Farman, is so indissolubly connected—"small dogs are useful companions and quite as intelligent as large dogs; bouncing babies require constant attention night as well as day, and in no way would fill the place of a useful little dog." We make no comment.

An Income Tax Anomaly.

These figures of Income Tax are based upon an actual case:—(1) Naturalised German, owning cottages in England, four children, is assessed at £400. He obtains an abatement of £120, an allowance for children £100, and pays on £180 at 3s., a total Tax of £27. (2) An Englishman, domiciled in Canada, but owning property here, having four children and income of £400, pays Tax of 5s. in the £, with no abatement—a total sum of £100. In other words, the naturalised German, thanks to our official foolery, is £73 per annum better off than the Briton!

Tinostein's Latest Insult.

The latest revelation of the Germhunism of King Tinostein of Greece is made through his War Minister, General Dousmanis, who has congratulated the Greek troops for their "exemplary behaviour during the unforgettable days of December 1st and 2nd," when Tinostein treacherously ordered the Greek troops to fire on the landing forces of the Allies. Sir Edward Carson being now First Lord of the Admiralty, he will be expected to teach this perfidious tool of the Kaiser, once and for all, that if the Germhuns have poisoned the wells, he at any rate will not be allowed to sell the passes.

That Princess Again.

Edinburgh has our sympathy. It desired to provide Scottish singers to sing Scottish songs to Scottish soldiers at the Front. It cannot do so unless it consents "That Miss Ashwell, as the representative of H.H. Princess Victoria"—of Schleswig-Holstein—"shall have the final word in the selection of artists." As the brother of the Princess is an officer in the German army, Edinburgh protests, rightly, we think, against "the stupid vanity of a German Princess and her silly satellite, an English actress." Is it not time this Schleswig-Holstein business was closed down? Nobody likes it. The soldiers hate it. So does Edinburgh, evidently.

Pensioned.

Doubtless the Hon. Sir E. P. Thesiger was a very able Clerk Assistant at the Table of the House of Lords—on that point we have no remarks to make whatever. What will strike the man in the street in connection with his retirement is that whenever a Government official is ready for a pension—from the Lord Chancellor downwards—the Government never start appointing committees, and sub-committees, and sub-sub-committees to consider and report and muddle and delay the same. As soon as the retirer is seen to be advancing towards the Treasury, the gentleman in charge of the cash-box invariably runs and meets him with glad eyes, cash in hand. Thus it is that Sir E. P. Thesiger, who has been receiving a salary of £1,500 a year since 1890, retires with a pension of £1,000 a year, nobody grumbling and everybody happy.

Earn £250 on dark nights by making "Bullets." See page 28.

Aked and Liverpool.

Evidently somebody has been at work in Liverpool to procure the return of that notorious British-American pro-German pastor, the Rev. Dr. Aked, to Pembroke Chapel. That is the only way to account for the suggestion of the senior deacon of Dr. Aked's church in San Francisco that the present pastor of Pembroke Chapel, Dr. Donald Fraser, should clear out, find another job, and let Dr. Aked take his place. Of course, the congregation soon settled that pernicious plot. They don't want an anti-British flag-wagger in their pulpit.

A Silly Civil Servant.

"Our Day" at Hong Kong produced a Fair on behalf of the funds, and the Fair produced a cockshy. Somebody remarked, in a Hong Kong newspaper, that, while one of the cockshies represented the Sultan, there was no effigy of the Kaiser to throw things at. Whereupon a prominent Civil Servant rushed into print to protest—almost with tears—that the Turkish figure was not the Sultan, and that any cockshy of the Kaiser would have been "displeasing to his Majesty King George." We are left marvelling at the gross impudence of a Civil Servant who dares to write what he thinks is the mind of the King.

The Fatal Fags.

A Dover tobacconist broke the law by supplying cigarettes to a boy, thinking they were for the lad's father. He was fined 20s., and does not complain unduly about that, but he does object to having been led to supply the evidence against himself. "I am a policeman," said the detective; "this boy says you sold him some cigarettes; is that so?" The tobacconist told the truth—and suffered for it. The Court admitted he had not been properly cautioned against incriminating himself, and that a detective's evidence is not admissible when such caution was not given. But they fined the man in face of their own opinion—which was absurd.

"W. B. Robinson, He——"

We note a war saver of the Scrooge type in Mr. W. B. Robinson, who moved, at the last meeting of the Scarborough Board of Guardians, that the workhouse inmates should be deprived of their Christmas dinner and so given "the proud opportunity of doing their bit to economise." In this particular line Mr. Robinson must have established a record. We have cases where Guardians have proposed to deprive workhouse inmates of their beer, and others where they have moved to make the plum-pudding without currants or raisins—but so far as we know, Mr. Robinson is the only gentleman who has this year proposed to dispossess paupers of their dinner. As Chairman of the National War Savings Committee he would prove a genius.

"Tommy's Daily Diet."

"Tommy's Daily Diet" still breeds controversy. From Oswestry Camp we are told he is not badly fed, and two diet sheets of the fare there seem to show that Mr. Atkins in Oswestry is also in luck. A copy of the week's diet sheet is posted in every hut, and we give one day's menu:—"Early breakfast, cocoa and biscuits; breakfast, tea, bread and butter, and steaks; dinner, sea-pie, tapioca pudding, potatoes and turnips; tea, bread, butter and sardines." There is nothing wrong about that little lot. But the next letter tells us our statements were not strong enough:—"Generally we get a loaf between eight, often covered with slush, due to the sack having fallen off a transport wagon. We never hear of tapioca, much less get it issued." That letter relates to conditions at the Front, and it also says:—"We do not mind roughing it, but we object to people making out it's a picnic." The picnic appears to be at Oswestry.

"Indispensable."

The way "the tale" is told sometimes was made clear by the Bridgwater Tribunal. A man applied for exemption because he was in charge of a Labour Bureau, and said it could not be carried on without him. He was refused. We learn that his wife is now at the Labour Bureau, which has not cracked up, while he is once more pleading indispensability because he is engaged as timekeeper at a munitions works! However, it is but fair to say that the man is married, and has five brothers serving; if he had based his claim on that, one would willingly listen, but the "indispensable" plea seems worn threadbare.

Throw-Outs.

Hand-grenade manufacturers are complaining of the large number of throw-outs for slight defects. The grenades, says one, are made by thoroughly practical men and are rejected by thoroughly unpractical women. "As a proof of this, we took the trouble to test the working and explosive power of one of the worst of the rejected—with the result that, with no other explosive in the shell except the detonator, the grenade was shattered into about thirty fragments, thus proving that there could be nothing seriously wrong with them." Thus one side of a story. We leave it until the other is told.

Plain Speaking.

The Ministry of Munitions does not worry about men for the Army, thinking they look prettier with their badges on. They wrote to the Shaftesbury Tribunal, concerning 13 employees, that "these men are all doing very good work and cannot be released." But the Tribunal kicked, protesting "Anyone can do that kind of work," and that "Among the badged men are the brother and son of the employer, the latter conveying camp refuse"! And it declared, straight out, that the Ministry's act "caused great discontent," and was "a direct encouragement to shirkers seeking a haven of refuge." Evidently those badges must come off.

Lewis the Penman.

Over a year ago, we wrote of "Lewis the Penman," meaning Messrs. Lewis and Co., trading as Steel Pen Manufacturers, at one time of Alexandra Road, Finsbury Park. But Lewis had suddenly flitted from those premises, leaving behind a memory of complaints from at least one dissatisfied customer who desired his money back, but got it not. We now find that Lewis is at present located at 19, Inglewood Grove, Manchester, and we are informed that, when he called upon a potential customer, he had the impudence to say we had squared him by paying £150 to stop a threatened action against us. We hereby unsquare him by once more rounding him up as a wrong 'un.

Darkness and Light.

Perhaps we had better not identify the actual spot, but we wish to convey a hint to a certain very popular seaside town—not up in the North—where all lights are out at the usual hour. To the adjacent anchorage came a mine-sweeper, and the wideawake folk aboard were pleased to observe the town so commendably black; in fact, they could see nothing of it. But, settled for the night within a few hundred yards of the pier were seven or eight ships, mostly neutrals, and they were each and all of them burning great, glaring anchor lights, quite a good guide for any marauder in the clouds. This is a "glaring" anomaly to which we have already referred, and the town in question should see to it that the Admiralty sees to it.

The home Paper out of the ordinary, "Everywoman's." Tuesdays, One Penny.

The Same Old Game.

The Household Supply Co., 3, Warwick Street, Manchester, is still flat-finding, though it beats us to comprehend how our readers can be caught; we have exposed their trick so often. They offer for 1s. 3d. any article chosen from a long list. When some fool remits that sum, they require him to find four friends to send another 1s. 3d. each—and so on to infinity. A reader stupidly paid his fifteen pence for a "solid silver matchbox." All he has received are forms to be filled by friends, and evasive applications for his "reference number." If people will be so silly as to ignore our warnings, their only ultimate remedy is the County Court.

Plenty of Men, but No Work.

The Labour Exchanges can find fat munitions jobs for young servant girls, but have nothing to offer to strong, experienced men of 50 who "have never had a day's illness in their lives." Though reserved occupations are withholding from active service thousands of fit men, a discharged soldier—the case is before us—may still knock at the door of Labour Exchanges after five weeks' vain effort for a job as tool sharpener, filer, metal mixer, or lathe hand. We could fill a library of books with cases of the kind. If the Government cannot find the jobs, it is sheer fooling to call for the men.

A Powerful Prayer.

An extraordinary letter came to the Newbury Tribunal from a gentleman named Heath, of Manor Farm, Henwick. Sir Henry Hawkes, Military Representative, apparently asked a question annoying to Mr. Heath, for he wrote: "Some years ago . . . it was in the hands of one man to ruin me . . . As there was no alternative I put the matter into the hands of my God, and within a week the man was dead and buried. . . . Unless Hawkes is very careful I will put him into the same Hands." We daresay Sir Henry will continue to do his duty, though in fear and trembling after that stunning tribute to the power of prayer.

The Hardship of It.

It is not possible to deal with all cases of hardship laid before us in connection with enlistment, bitter as they often are. In these hard days, hard things have to be borne, grimly and sternly. Cruel though one's own case may be, the next man's may be worse. From a business point of view, consider these details concerning a laundry in a Kentish town. The proprietor volunteered for the Navy at the first, and received a commission. He left his business, in which several thousands of pounds were invested, in the hands of a man, a youth of 18, and some women. The man enlisted to escape conscription, the youth has been called up, and the laundry is closed, 30 or 40 women being thrown out of work. War is truly a rough ruler.

"Swiss Waiters."

Since the hotels have had to shunt their Germhun waiters, much against the will and wish of the directors as a general rule, they have in many instances filled the vacancies with Swiss—or alleged Swiss. Now there are four sorts of Swiss: to wit, the Swiss Swiss, the French Swiss, the Italian Swiss, and the Germhun Swiss. Very often the latter, even in the good hotels, need little news of Germhun "successes" and British losses to start them rubbing their hands with glee. They are, in fact, Germhuns in disguise, and we are not only taking them without evidence of origin, but are tolerating them with our usual easy-going complaisance. Against the Swiss Swiss, who is a benevolent neutral towards the Allies, we have not a word to say, but in too many British hotels with Swiss staffs signs are not wanting that he is a *rara avis*.

Blue or Khaki?

An Order by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police that all single men who joined the force after January, 1914, are to offer for military service, is a step in the right direction, but it swerves sideways a little. For it misses the real slackers, whose service is only of 18 months or two years, but who have got married since joining.

Wordy Warfare.

Gravesend Town Council has been voting on a proposal to censor its questions paper, lest some of the questions be personal in tone. That the danger is real is proved by the fact that one supporter of the motion was interrupted, as reported, thuswise:—"Councillor Hinkley: 'Liar'!" The Mayor said the expression was offensive, so Mr. Hinkley first retorted, "Yes, and I mean it," and then remarked, "I withdraw it, but go no further." Alderman Goldsmith asked, "Won't you apologise?" Mr. Hinkley declined, but added, "If you were a younger man I would give you a punch on the nose." Some Town Councils seem to contain fine fighting material.

This is a Joke.

Somebody whispers in our incredulous ear that the Admiralty has just discovered that captains of some cross-Channel steamers wear gilt oak leaves round the peak of their uniform caps and gold stripes round their cuffs. My Lords are suddenly afraid the gentlemen might be mistaken for full-blown Naval officers, and the order is said to have gone forth that they must change their decorations at once. We are not inclined to believe this yarn because we are quite *sure* the Admiralty, did they desire to alter a uniform, would not interfere with a few merchant captains, but—especially as this is war-time—would prefer to alter every bit of gold embellishment on every uniform in the entire Navy.

History Repeats Itself.

We said the other week that the resolution of the Clyde Shipbuilding and Engineering employers in favour of General Prohibition had all the air of being a "put-up job." It will be remembered that most of Mr. Lloyd George's troubles on the Clyde as Munitions Minister were due to his "bloomer" about the drunkenness of the workmen there. He had lent a too-ready ear to the exaggerations of the employers. Knowing his predilections, they are evidently at the old game now that he is Prime Minister, for the workmen's organisations "have issued an emphatic protest against the allegations of drunkenness made against Clyde workmen by the employers in their appeal to Mr. Lloyd George to introduce Prohibition." Nevertheless, signs are not wanting that there will soon be no more Scotch for the Scotch.

An Explanation from Selby.

From a report in a Selby newspaper we recently quoted a remark by the Military Representative that the Tribunal's decisions regarding young men were "a —— scandal." The Chairman, *pro. tem.*, writes definitely that "no such remark was made." He further questions and deplores the same newspaper's report concerning the exemption of two men employed by Mr. Scott. That gentleman is so, his mill is Government-controlled, and a Government Inspector has declared it to be impossible to withdraw any more men from the works. The two men were temporarily exempted so that others might be trained to fill their places. Accepting these statements by the *pro. tem.* Chairman, it seems plain that we were misled by an inaccurate newspaper report, and we have no hesitation, in the light of these facts, in withdrawing our criticisms concerning Mr. Scott and the other gentlemen concerned. But we should like to know how that remark about "a —— scandal" got into type, and what excuse the newspaper has for printing it.

Now is the time to prepare for the Zepps. See page iii. Cover.

Bank Windfalls.

We have already directed attention to the fact that the war is adding enormously to the hauls of the Bankers in the way of unclaimed balances and securities. You should read the important series of articles on the subject which commences in this week's *City John Bull.*

Wages of Scholarship.

Seeing that the Rev. Prebendary Poole, Rector of St. John's, Lewes, is advertising for a supply teacher to the Pells Boys' School, "uncertificated 25s. a week, certificated 27s. 6d. a week," will the successful candidate be required to sing in the church choir, scrub the church floor, and take a class at Sunday School? Somewhere we have read an epistle to one Timothy saying. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, and the labourer is worthy of his reward."

Medicinal.

From the *Medical Times* we gather that the horrors of peace are with us as well as those of war. "The present prices of brandy and whisky are so high," it states, "as to be almost beyond the working class to obtain what is really necessary in cases of sickness. It seems cruel that persons should die before their time because they cannot obtain brandy or whisky when needed. Rum is an excellent substitute in pulmonary complaints." In fact, as a last resort, even pumpuritans may use it with perfect safety.

To Save the Farm.

A Cornish widow, with 14 children, the eldest boy at home being 13 years old, finds it hard to manage a big farm with the assistance of only one aged man. She has asked the War Office to release her eldest son, a yeomanry trooper who joined in 1914, but has not been sent any farther than Brentford. He would be of more value to the community if permitted to go home and save the farm. But the War Office decides that it may be managed by the second son—a lad, not 17, clerk in a lawyer's office. This grievance of a "farmer's son" seems to be one it would be wise to remedy.

The Coin and the Co-Op.

A member of the Fleetwood Co-operative Society sends us a penny with a microscopic hole in it, explaining that it was refused by the Manager there as part payment of goods on the ground that "they would not take it at the bank," though in fact "it came direct from the bank to the office where I was paid at." The Manager, he adds, "held back a check for goods purchased, value 9s. 9½d., till I returned with a good penny." It ought to have been good enough for any penn'orth of goods he had in the shop.

The No (Premature) Peace League.

A fresh supply of members' badges will be ready early in the New Year.

Dickens and Business.

If you would like to see how the idea of a Business Government has taken root in the public mind, read Walter Crotch's new book, "The Soul of Dickens." A funny place to look for it, you think? Read it.

"Guaranteed."

We confess ourselves puzzled. A soldier has sent us from Sheerness an envelope bearing these printed words: "That you'll Remember me. A Packet of Six Embossed Folding Christmas Cards. Guaranteed this Season's Production. B. B., London. Series No. 67. Printed in Germany." The puzzle is that anything printed in Germany should be sold as "this season's" goods.

Private Lockwood's Grave.

One of our officers, being given a section of film by a French friend, found that it contained the photo of a British soldier's grave. Being a kindly man, the officer has had an enlargement made and mounted. The inscription over the grave, plainly readable, is: "Pte. J. Lockwood, 14418 1st Worcester Regiment." If the parents or the relatives of the gallant Lockwood would like this photograph of his resting-place in France, perhaps they will communicate with us.

Folly.

Though we have answered the question in various forms times out of number, we answer it again as put to us by a Hampstead lady: "Shall I be wise in sending £6 as first instalment for an auto-knitter to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., Belvoir House, Belvoir Street, Leicester?" She will not be wise. On the contrary, she will be exceedingly foolish. Complaints as to the work of this machine and the promises and inducements held out by the firm have been many.

Pshaw!

That burst wind-bag, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, has been interviewed by an American pro-German newspaper. The character of his un-British statements may be gathered from the headlines over the interview:—"Shaw Blames War on British Self-Conceit and Insular Ignorance." He was asked what would happen "if the British public took a sensible attitude"; and he replied, "It would drop down dead." Perhaps Mr. Shaw will take "a sensible attitude"—just for once!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SUNDAY STORIES":—
"She died at the birth of her ELDEST son."

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER":—
"'I can say no more,' MUTTERED Ruby SILENTLY."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"Widow would share Home with Soldier's Wife or Respectable Person."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"'I was coming home in the *Caledonia*,' said Captain Amery. 'We took to the boats AFTER THE LINER HAD GONE DOWN.'"

"IDEAS":—
"A man with ONE of the new artificial legs can do everything a man with TWO ordinary legs can do, even to climbing rigging."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO" (advertisement):—
"YOUTH wanted, GREEN, Fruit and Vegetable Dept."

"MONTREAL DAILY STAR":—
"The bride . . was given away by her UNCLE, MR.—— ——, WHO WORE A SUIT OF GREY GABERDENE, TRIMMED WITH PLUSH, WITH OLD ROSE PICTURE HAT . . AND CARRIED A SHOWER BOUQUET OF ROSES AND LILIES OF THE VALLEY."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—
"A large section of the city will to-day find its water supply rather intermittent in consequence of a burst of the Rivington water main. . . . The main has an INTERNAL DIAMETER of FORTY-FOUR MILES."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—
"After dinner he (Count Zeppelin) would smoke strong cigars incessantly until long past midnight, when sometimes he would FALL ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR utterly worn out in mind and body. Usually ON SUCH OCCASIONS he would REMAIN SILENT, WALKING UP AND DOWN THE ROOM, the eternal cigar in his mouth, but sometimes he would TELL ME TALES OF HIS YOUTHFUL CAREER."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Prime Minister.

MY DEAR WAR LORD,—Before long, I suppose, we shall know what exactly you mean by the letter you sent to Sir T. P. Whittaker—always on the stump for the pump—the Chairman of a Cardiff public meeting "in favour of the State purchase of the drink trade." "Now that the food problem is becoming every day more urgent," you said, "the liquor problem has assumed a new aspect, and the nation must be prepared"—and so forth. Of course I am not unaware of your views about other people's fluid refreshment, nor is anybody else, but I don't think you are aware of other people's views about you on this matter. There lies the danger, because I see that it is there you may be induced by the fanatics of the teetotal movement to repeat the blunder, and repeat it at greater cost, which compelled you to climb down in the House of Commons over your previous teetotalising proposals. We are not winning this war by means of the statistics of the Uncontrolled Board, remember. After the war, D'Abernon and Co. will be as dead as mutton. Have a care!

JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B.

DEAR SIR DAVID,—Just a word to the men of the Fleet—wardens of the Empire, sentinels of the seas. It may be that in the coming year the men of the British Navy will attain their dearest wish—a fair free-fight in the open, for the honour of the Empire and the glory of the dear old Flag. Or there may be further months of weary waiting and watching for a foe who knows and dreads his final doom. In any case, the sailors of Britain will have done their duty manfully. By your leave, sir, I salute them!

JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B.

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—Please convey to every officer and man in your gallant and victorious Armies my cordial New Year's Greetings. With cheerful and uncomplaining courage your splendid troops are bearing the hardships of the winter campaign, while we at home—in a supreme effort to be worthy of their devotion—are mustering all our forces for the final stage of the conflict. We said "Victory certain"; you respond with "Victory without doubt"! Meanwhile, let every soldier be assured that in regard to peace proposals the nation is of one mind with the Armies in the field—no peace till the armed might of the German Powers lies broken in the dust.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. W. Runciman, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—Now that you have been relegated to obscurity, it would best suit my humour to ignore you; but, really, the muddle you have made over those restaurant meals is too disgraceful! What new stupidity you would have committed if the Prime Minister had not made a clean sweep of you and the rest of the muddlers, Heaven only knows. But this I can tell you—that your "restrictions" in restaurants have done nothing but greatly increase the consumption of meat (the very thing you wanted to reduce) and pile up profits for the management. Was there ever such a muddle-headed Minister as you? The Food Controller won't be long before he drops *your* scheme like a hot brick.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Albert Illingworth, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR P.M.G.,—I have just been informed that, in view of the increase in the cost of paper, the Postmaster-General finds it necessary to raise the price of embossed envelopes sold at the Post Offices. This does not surprise me. What would surprise me would be a decision to check the shocking waste of paper in the shape of envelopes and printed forms within the Post Office itself—whilst, if by any means you could persuade the Stationery Office to carry the check through all the Government Departments, you would give me the staggers. Try what you can do in the interests of a tremendous taxpayer.

JOHN BULL.

To the General Manager, South-Eastern and Chatham Railway.

DEAR SIR,—I think there is a chance to undo some injustice in the following case: A porter, who before the war was employed by your Company was man enough to answer his country's call. He has now been discharged from the Army, having done his bit, and he naturally sighed for his old job. He was allowed to start again, and he served you for 7 weeks with complete ability and loyalty, but was then discharged at 12 hours' notice. He wrote to you, sir, for the reason, and I have seen your reply, wherein you state that his case is not one "where you can offer re-employment, inasmuch as he left the service to enlist without the permission of the Company." Now, sir, I know all about the importance of rules and regulations, which are of especial value to the system of a great railway, and I admit that this man broke your rule. But—why, and for what? For his King and his Country. Believe me, sir, it was a splendid "breach." I am no pleader for slackers or wasters, but I put it to you that this man is a *man*. He has proved himself, and I ask you to forgive *what* he did for the sake of the *why*. Extend your clemency to him, and he will serve you as faithfully as he served the Empire. A good man is never wasted.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr George Bernard Pshaw, Advertising Contractor, London.

MY DEAR PSHAW,—I see you have again put your name in the papers. This time you are worrying about a poor author and dramatist, who makes £21,000 out of a play and invests the cash, being taxed on the basis of £21,000 income from the pursuit of a profession. Take it from me that nobody cares a dum about that poor author, whether he is you or some other fellow. I know a few men in Fleet Street who would write a book or a play for £21,000 and undertake to pay income tax without a growl on twice the sum. If you want to worry about anything in the advertising line, worry about the old woman with an annuity or with War Loan stock, whose income of a few shillings a week is "taxed at the source" 5s. in the £, and who is put to about as much trouble in obtaining return of the money, if and when it *is* returned to her at all, as if she tried to get butter out of a dog's throat or retrieve an early worm from a sparrow's bosom. Next, please, my dear Pshaw.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Morley of Blackburn.

DEAR VISCOUNT,—You were known in the old days as "Honest John," and although you left the Government at a crucial moment on the outbreak of war, no one has ever questioned your sincerity. Therefore I find no difficulty in congratulating you on your 78th birthday. We shall know some day why you and John Burns left the Asquith Cabinet in August, 1914, and in my opinion we shall never get the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, until the nation knows the contents of that letter which Herr Ballin—the Kaiser's confidant—sent to Lord Haldane on the eve of war. If it be true that when you and Grey met Ballin at dinner at the house of the "Spiritual Homer" he was made to believe that in the event of a European war Britain would stand aside, a flood of light is shed on your resignation, and all kinds of grave considerations arise. But for the moment—many Happy Returns.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Henderson, M.P.

DEAR MR. HENDERSON,—As Public Orator to the new Government you have scored a distinct success, and I congratulate you upon your trenchant replies to the German peace overtures. Your words have the greater weight from the fact of your own great personal sacrifices in the war have merely served to steel you to a stern determination to allow no respite to a brutal and debased foe. We are fighting, as you justly say, "for peace and against war, and for a lasting peace which nothing can disturb." That peace our victorious arms alone can win.

JOHN BULL.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

(With acknowledgments to the proprietors of the well-known picture)

NO! When the Terms of Peace are made
(And not long now they'll be delayed),
The Prussian hound will have no choice;
He must obey His Master's Voice!

THE GERMAN NAVY AND—PEACE.

HOW TO SECURE THE SAFETY OF THE BRITISH FLEET AND THE EMPIRE.

By An Englishman.

AMIDST the loud clamour raised by the peace-proffers of the converted Kaiser—a wolf in sheep's clothing if ever there were such—one detail which once upon a time was supposed to possess some interest for Britain and for the Empire seems to have passed out of sight. What is that? Why, the German navy and the question, what is to be done with it? When the war began there was just one point on which everyone was decided, and that was that before it ended the fleet of Germany must either be surrendered or be sunk. But in all the columns that have been written and in all the yard-long speeches that have been made since the Kaiser played his last trick and President Wilson supplied him with trumps, there has been no reference to the binding obligation, the primary necessity of the British peoples throughout all their sea-girt Dominions, to see to it that the pirate craft that fly the Black Flag of the Hun shall stain God's sea no more with their accursed presence. Whatever else we do, or leave undone (and, if we are wise, we shall leave nothing undone to crush the German hell) this one thing at least we must do—we must destroy utterly the sea-power of Germany, or else we must go down to history stamped with the brand of the fool.

The Peril that We Risk.

For consider it. Suppose that we leave Germany her navy—the navy which she built for the one supreme purpose of procuring our destruction; and that we leave her also her ports, her great sea-arsenals, her submarines, and her huge merchant fleet, swollen as it is with new ships which she has been building while she has been sinking the cargo vessels of all mankind. What measure of safety, what degree of security, should we have then? Who would take a bet against the certainty of a swift, sudden, deadly spring at our throat by the armed German fiend? If this is to be the kind of "peace" we are to make, what husband—during the short time it lasted, before the blow fell—could bear to look at his wife, or what father at his daughters—knowing, as he would know, that any night in this "peace" the German submarines might steal into our harbours to blow up our men-of-war, and that then squadrons of huge transports, crammed with German troops and German guns, would land their masses of worse than savage soldiery on our shores? Where, then, would be the honour of our women; where, then, the liberties of Britain? Or is it intended that we are to stand for ever, armed, facing the steely menace of the Hun? Is our own fleet—our splendid fleet, our glorious fleet—never more to rest from the eternal vigilance called for by war? Is it, in the peace of which the United States President prates, to watch day and night as it watches now—watch for the gleam of the periscope seen for an instant above the crest of a wave; watch for the surge on the surface as the instrument of death forges its way beneath; watch for the white foam at the bows of an enemy destroyer as it rushes to hurl its deadly missile; watch for the mine-field treacherously laid; watch for every hellish device that the mind of a Satan, or a German, can produce?

No Surcease of Expenditure.

And not our Navy only would have to be thus vigilant if we left the Germans theirs, but our national army, too. A great part at least of our present forces would have to be kept together—kept in training, kept supplied with guns, with bombs, and all the paraphernalia of preparation. There could be no surcease of expenditure. To make munitions would still have to be the principal task of Great Britain. For if we make peace without first smashing the sea-power of the Hun, we leave ourselves only these two alternatives: either to live, armed to the teeth, ready at any instant to meet the tiger's attack, or else to disarm, and so to put ourselves in a position of which the best likeness is that of a sheep lying on its side, with its four legs tied in a bunch, waiting for the butcher. When, fat and slimy, he slobbers over you (as he will, as soon as this war is over, if you don't utterly crush him in it)—when he tells you that he really loved you all the time that he was torturing our wounded, or sinking the *Lusitania*, or dropping bombs on London, or shooting Miss Cavell, or doing any other little thing like that—shall you swallow every word he says as gospel truth? Somehow, I don't think you will. But if you don't trust him, and won't trust him, then what about the wisdom of letting him keep his fleet?

The Great Surrender.

Now, I am going to assume here that the people of this Empire are not content to let the German keep that fleet—which means that we must continue the war until we force him to sink or to surrender it. Do you agree to that? I think so. But at what point do you expect that Germany would be willing to part with that on which she relies as the indispensable means of wreaking future vengeance on her most hated foe? Only at the point of utter defeat. Only when her armies are beaten, only when her military power is shattered and she lies helpless before the onslaught of the Allies, will she be willing to make that great surrender. Never before. Is that sound? You know very well that it is. But, if so, does it not follow again that for us to talk about terms is abject foolery, of which the result could only be to entangle us in such a way as to save Germany and to destroy ourselves? When the certain time of victory comes, then we and our partners shall impose our terms, whatever they are, on a beaten and prostrate Hun-land. Shall we leave Germany her navy then? Hardly! Shall we leave our enemies their mercantile fleet? Why? No "ton for ton" for us. We should take or sink it all. Does this sound extravagant? Again, why? Remember that, in these days of modern war, when once a nation's armies are put out of action all the rest of its population become helpless as rabbits in the presence of men with guns. We are agreed that we must go on until we have defeated Germany's armies. Then we shall have the German Empire at our disposal, and it will be our duty—a duty owed alike to the dead and to the living—to take real guarantees, which even Germany cannot break, against her re-building her fleet or constructing fleets of Zeppelins or improved aeroplanes for our ruin in future war. What are those guarantees? There is only one—and that is the military occupation of Prussia by the armies of the Allies. No vast force would be needed, when once her arsenals were seized and her military back broken. What the then allies did to France after Waterloo, when France under Napoleon had played a part far greater in achievement and incomparably less in wickedness than Germany has played under her Kaiser, that same course we must pursue when this war ends. Only so can we secure ourselves, for at least a generation to come, against the German peril in future days—only so can we exact from our beaten adversaries, in the form of taxation paid to ourselves, some measure of adequate indemnity for the thousands of millions which she has caused us to spend. Then, indeed, the naval menace would be at last removed. Then, indeed, real peace-security would be reached. Then, indeed, the inhabitants of these islands could sleep in peace.

DODGING THE DEFENCES.

A READER'S STARTLING EXPERIENCES AT DOVER.

"Dover is known all over the country as an important naval base. Recently, under The Defence of the Realm Act, it has been made a 'Prohibited area.' To enter or leave is supposed to be impossible for any one over 14 without a proper permit or passport. This document must contain all particulars of the applicant from the time of birth, also a photograph specially taken at the time the application is made. This is pasted in the permit, and bears a police stamp. It is then forwarded to the Commandant at Dover, and if he regards you as a fit and proper person to visit the town, the permit is returned to you. Any one who knows Dover will at once agree that these precautions are most necessary. My wife and I have relatives in Dover whom we desired to visit—therefore we made application, and duly received the necessary permits to enter the town periodically. I recently made my visit from a place 25 miles distant. On reaching the barricade, or examination post, I presented my permit to the corporal of the guard with no small amount of assurance and pride. This permit gives me cause to be self-satisfied, as it is issued only to those of unimpeachable British birth. The corporal examined the permit, first looking at the photograph. Imagine my surprise when he said, 'You've brought the wrong one,' handing me back *my wife's permit*, which I had taken in mistake. Twenty-five miles had I come, and now must go back without seeing my relatives—after being within a few hundred yards of their house. But my fears quickly disappeared, for instead of being arrested for using another's permit, or making any inquiry whatever, he surprised me by saying: 'That'll be all right—go through.' I was greatly relieved, and went on my journey, saw my friends, and returned about four hours later. Would my friend the corporal still be on duty, I wondered, as I approached the examination post, and allow me to pass out? No, the fates were against me this time. Another corporal was in charge—by his side a private with a rifle and an ugly long bayonet. With nervous dread I held out the permit—this time opened at page 7, which gave a complete description of my wife, hoping they would not look at the photo. I was passed out without question. But I was astounded and disgusted at the slackness. I might have found that passport on the road or in the train. I might have been a German or Austrian spy—it would have made no difference. The same welcome would have been his, and his departure as triumphant!"

GERMANY'S PRISONERS—AND OURS.

A CASE OF "LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THAT."

Two accounts, printed side by side in an evening newspaper, stand out in bitter contrast. One describes the arrival in Switzerland of "Men Broken in the German Prison Camps." And we read: "It was hard to believe that these were British soldiers. Some of them scarcely looked like men. Their very manhood seemed crushed out of these poor broken wrecks, who looked at one with hunted, miserable eyes." There are distressing details about these bruised and broken brothers of ours, and the conclusion of the article says: "Nothing that Germany can do or say can wash her hands clean of the guilt of committing such a crime against humanity." It is but one more proof of many how the Hun treats his prisoners who are British. And the next article shows one more example of how Britain treats her prisoners who are German. It is headed, "The Captives' Christmas at Lofthouse Park" (Wakefield), and we learn that the two or three thousand of them were to be "allowed to spend Christmas as nearly as possible in the traditional German fashion. . . There will be no lack of geese, plum puddings, doughnuts, wines, and punch. . . . Considering that they are prisoners, the German colony at Lofthouse Park have reason to consider themselves lucky, for they are allowed to buy luxuries which will be absent from most tables in Germany this Christmas, and possibly from many British tables, too." It is a hateful picture, that of the Huns wallowing in luxuries, even though they pay for them. Necessaries only should be dealt out to them, on payment by those able to pay. The pitiful plight of our men demands some retaliation, and at least not one "luxury" should be permitted at a time when a Food Controller is appointed to prevent waste. Let the German prisoners "economise" and submit to barer rations.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

CATHEDRAL CHOIRMEN AND A CHAPEL CONCERT.

We recently pointed out how meanly and unchristianly some Anglican shepherds acted towards their own sheepfold and to Dissenters. A typical case of this kind has occurred at Horncastle, in the diocese of that Right Rev. Father in God Edward Lee Hicks, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. In connection with a sale of work at a local Wesleyan Church Mr. Charles Woodward, a baritone of Lincoln Cathedral, had arranged to sing at a half-hour concert. This was announced on posters and handbills. On the day of the concert, much to local consternation, the organisers of the sale of work put out a second poster, as thus:—

WESLEYAN SALE OF WORK.
Mr. A. WINTERBOTHAM, A.R.C.M.
(Of Peterborough Cathedral), will sing to-night in place of
Mr. C. WOODWARD,
Who has been
ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN
By the Lincoln Cathedral authorities
TO SING ON WESLEYAN PREMISES.

Now this allegation of intolerance in the Anglican Church is in the same class with those which we have already instanced. If Mr. Woodward had insisted on singing, notwithstanding the ecclesiastical prohibition, we have no doubt whatever he would have been discharged from his position as a choirman of the Cathedral. The intolerance itself is not a peculiarity; it is a characteristic and a commonplace. What is peculiar about the case, in the light of Canon Simpson's recent call for a reunion by deeds and not words, is the fact that—while the Bishop of Lincoln forbids a member of Lincoln Cathedral choir singing at a Wesleyan concert, the Bishop of Peterborough allows a member of the choir of Peterborough Cathedral to do so. To the layman, this sort of thing gives him not only furiously to think, but hilariously to laugh. If there are Dissenting concerts in heaven, they will assuredly try to forbid any member of the Lincoln Cathedral choir from singing there, as they forbid him singing at any Dissenting concert on earth.

THIS WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE!

STRAIGHT ON TO WAR, LEFT TO WANT, AND RIGHT TO WIGTON.

It is an outrageous affront to the gratitude and generosity of the country that such cases as that of James Donoghue should arise, though it is but one of many similar we have from time to time put before the public. "Yesterday," reports the *Cumberland Times* of Dec. 20th, "at the meeting of the Wigton Board of Guardians, Mr. Strong drew attention to the case of a man named James Donoghue, who had contracted consumption in the trenches, had been discharged from the Army, and was now in the workhouse. . . The man had a wife and three children, and if some kind friends had not come in at the right time they would have been left to starve. The man had got a pension of 4s. 8d. a week from the State, and this had been stopped when he came to Wigton about five weeks ago." So much for Mr. Strong. Now for another of the Guardians, Mr. Moore: "The man joined the Army at 14 years of age, and had been in it ever since. He took part in the battles of Neuve Chapelle and Armentieres, and was gassed very badly at the latter battle and brought over to this country; his illness was, he really thought, the result of his being gassed. He had a brother killed at Loos; another badly wounded and discharged; another had lost a leg, and still another was in France." Despite Pensions Ministers and Pensions Schemes, after twenty-eight months of war we see men like Donoghue dragging their shattered and shivering bodies through workhouse gates because the Government, every Minister of which is quick to take a handsome pension if he needs it, chucks them into the streets as human refuse. Take another case: A few days ago, Mrs. Kuhn, a Germhun woman who has lived in Ramsgate for 35 years under the good old name of Miller, attended at the Police Court to appeal against an order to leave the town, a prohibited area. "The Town Clerk said that aliens must obey the orders of the military. Mrs. Kuhn would receive an allowance from the Government of 9s. 3d." We shall not emphasise the contrast; it speaks for itself. For God's sake, let us have done with this scandal.

TOLL FOR THE TURK.

WHEN THE MUSCOVITE BEAR HUGS—TURKEY'S TROT.

By A. G. Hales.

WHEN Russia stepped into line with Great Britain and France at the outbreak of war, all students of Slavonic history knew that before peace came again to the world the dictum of Peter the Great would have to be an accomplished fact—for there has been no wavering in the continuity of Russian policy since the greatest of all her rulers laid down the law that, sooner or later, Muscovy must dominate Constantinople and rule the narrow waters of the Dardanelles, thus liberating Russia from her greatest enemy—King Frost. For seven months out of the twelve Russia sits a prisoner in chains of ice; she has no warm water port to keep her in unbroken communication with the rest of the world. This fact cripples her agriculture, stifles her manufactures, paralyses her internal industries, and leaves her stranded on the shores of progress like a blind giant. Generations ago, Peter the Great pointed an unerring finger towards the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, with an outlet to the Mediterranean, and he laid down this law to his people—"Go on until you get there; for that way, and that way only, lies Russian salvation." Years ago I was permitted to sit in the chair of the Great Peter in the palace, whilst an official kindly outlined for me that part of the Russian ruler's far-seeing plan. Later, with that map in my head, I went to the Black Sea, and out through the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean, and, standing on the scene, it was easy to understand why Russia *must* control the waterway which links the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and opens the markets of all the world to ice-bound Muscovy. Before this war Russia dominated the Black Sea, but it was a "face without a mouth" to her, whilst Turkey held the Straits.

The Paw of the Bear.

It cost Russia millions of men and fabulous sums of money to win her way to the Black Sea and dominate it; but since then the paw of the bear has been scratching at the gate of Turkey's preserves; and now that Turkey has been insane enough to throw herself into the melting-pot of war, no power on this earth will prevent the Colossus of the North from driving the Turk out of his strongholds and wresting the key of the Mediterranean from his grasp. And when that happens, as it will happen, an impregnable barrier will be laid across the path of German ambitions in the Far East. Once let the Russian armies hold Constantinople and dominate the Dardanelles, and the German dreams fall dead, never to come to life again. Then, but not until then, Russia will take her proper place in the world. Her trade will in a few years make such prodigious advances that unborn generations will read of it as one of the marvels of all time; it will scintillate with wonders like a chapter from a fairy story—for Russia is the richest and most unexploited spot on this globe. Wise will our statesmen be if they knit Britain to Russia in bonds no intrigue can sever, so that our people may share in the volume of prosperity which is destined to give the Old World a new lease of life. All that stands in the way of this glittering vision of peace, prosperity, and goodwill is the strangling paw of Germany and the presence of the unclean Turk—who is, and always has been, the retarder of progress and the destroyer of peoples. But the Turk's hour of reckoning is near—his death-knell is even now sounding wherever Russian troops are massing: the call that every moujik hears is, "Forward to Constantinople!" It means a new and glorious life to the moujik, and it means the passing of the bestial Turk out of Europe for ever. The Turk will take with him his self-made traditions of blood and infamy, his hellish religion of the naked sword, his heaven filled with polygamous sprites. Savagery, sensuousness, and cruelty mark every step of the Turk's history; and its latest emanation is the assassination and plundering of hundreds of thousands of helpless and innocent Armenians. Russia will even up that blood-red score when the Muscovite hosts thunder, in their majesty of armed millions over the Sultan's soil; and then Russia will stand Land Warden of the gateway to the East—Russia, our friend and ally, not the besotted German boor.

Lord God, Forgive Them!

Once during this war it was within our grasp to have and hold the Dardanelles. We could have given to the Russians the key that for centuries they have striven for, and so have bound the Northern Giant to us in bonds of unshakable love and trust. I do not know who conceived the Gallipoli campaign. I believe it was Mr. Churchill; it was the only streak of real genius we have shown in the war, but it was marred by shameful weakness in execution — though never since the birth of ages has more valour been shown by the fighting men. British bluejackets, British Tommies, and mighty Anzac warriors—all did deeds of wondrous valour; but the guiding hand was a hand of flabby indecision—else had we gone on and trailed our banners through the Sultan's capital, mastered the Dardanelles, and set the Russian millions of fighting men free to battle with the Hun. It was a glorious chance and—we missed it! Else had a Muscovite army thundered into East Prussia, to stay and make good whilst Russian millions came to help us batter a way on our Western front to Berlin. We survived it—God help the flabby souls that would not rise to Alpine heights on such a wave of opportunity!

The End Is In Sight.

Russia is in no hurry. Germany talks of peace; the cold, grim Muscovite goes on preparing for war—and the Muscovite armies are growing every hour, every day, every month. They will reduce Germany and Turkey and poor flabby Austria to powder—for they are like the mills of God, and they will grind exceeding small. Turkey will be bundled neck and crop out of Europe into Asia. That is as sure as the courses of the stars. Then will come the Austrian and the German turn, from the Russian viewpoint. The German wants peace—do you think the Russian cares what the German wants? The Muscovite has been preparing for this hour for three centuries—what does a year or two of war more or less matter to this ice giant? His hour has struck; and, thank God, we are his friend. He would have been our debtor if a man worth calling a man had been in charge at Gallipoli—then the key had been ours, and we could have flooded the Western front with Russian soldiers and finished the war six months ago, saving the slaughter of Verdun and the bloody sacrifice of the Somme. Small wonder that the Kaiser is working for peace—he knows the forces he has evoked, and he guesses the retribution that is in store for him. He is going to be thrown upon his back, and his face will be stamped in the mud. One could not stay the hand of the Northern Colossus if one would; one would not if one could—let the enemy pay, and pay the full price! I have smoked a pipe in the Kremlin in Moscow, where Napoleon once stabled his horses. They have kept to this day the place as he left it, to keep their memories green—that's the Russian way. I hope to smoke a pipe in the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam where the Cossacks will stable *their* ponies. Peace? Damn any peace that leaves a shred of Prussian power!

CALLING UP THE DEAD.

DEWSBURY RECRUITING OFFICE AT WORK IN THE CEMETERY.

Before the Derby Scheme and the Military Service Acts brought into being a cocky species of recruiter, whose chief purpose on earth has been to muddle his records and bully his recruits, we imagined that dead men were never called up before the Resurrection. For the most of twenty-eight months we have been revising our speculative theology. The latest case is at Dewsbury. Here Mr. Leonard Wilkinson, an attested man, died and was buried last April. No sooner had he departed this life than a notice was addressed to him at his house, calling him up for service. The widow thereupon went to the recruiting office at the Town Hall, informed the recruiters there that her husband was dead, handed in his death certificate and armlet, and departed in the belief, if not with the assurance, that the military authorities would not further disturb his slumbers. But every recruiting office set up in this country since the opening of the war has found a special stool for a special fool; from this it follows that there is at least one, if not more than one, in the Dewsbury district—he is said to wear long ears and diet himself on thistles, but this may be merely a local rumour. In any case, since the widow's visit to the Town Hall, the military authorities have called up Wilkinson for service—not, mark you, by posting the notice on his tombstone, but by addressing it to the widow's house. This happened so often—three times in fact—that she took no notice, probably realising, like Solomon, that though you may bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. There was no denying the recruiting authorities. Paid to be busy, busy they determined to be. "We are at war," they said, when they took counsel together; "we have 'listed the halt, the blind, the lame; taken about every human thing on two legs that is living; still we want more men. We must dig up the dead. Police officer! Arrive on the carpet! Attention!" The police officer being at attention, he was armed with a warrant and instructed to arrest Wilkinson, as a deserter, with the utmost rigour of the law. Now listen to the local reporter: "Mrs. Wilkinson was not at home at the time, but her little daughter was questioned by the officer in charge as to the whereabouts of Leonard Wilkinson, and asking particularly whether he had 'gone to the Empire.'" Now if Wilkinson had been merely a missing somnambulist this inquiry would have been all right. He happened to be dead—dead and buried—since April. The Recruiting Office knew it; yet here was a policeman at the door inquiring of his little daughter whether her father had risen from his grave and taken a stroll to the Empire to see the pictures. "Naturally," as the reporter says, "the little girl was frightened, but she informed the officers her father was dead, whereupon they departed." Whither they departed nobody knows, but it is believed they went straight away to the cemetery authorities to demand Wilkinson's disinterment; that the cemetery authorities referred them to the Home Office, and that the Home Office are now consulting with the War Office whether the order shall be made, and if so in what class Wilkinson shall be grouped for service when disinterred. The decision is awaited with the keenest interest in the district. Meantime, the tongues have it that the Dewsbury military authorities have called up all the lunatics in the asylum, marked them for general service as a special battalion, and have themselves decided to close the office and enlist in the same. So mote it be.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

All hail, the Gallic hero
Who stayed the Huns' advance!
They honour their celebrities
While they're *alive*, in France.

When they who are too proud to fight
To peace proposals stoop,
They sometimes find their tactlessness
Just lands them in the soup.

Until we tackle Tino
In fashion grim and stern,
He'll play the foul conspirator
With all our foes in turn.

Foul fog descends on London
And blots out moon and star;
Will science ne'er eliminate
The black "particular"?

To prove our growing power
Instead of our decline,
We've taken over from the French
A further length of line.

Why sweet munition misses
Male garments should refuse
Surprises us: we thought the girls
Preferred to wear the "trews."

PEACE COMING

GLORIOUS NEWS COMING SOON—

By THE ED.

I WANT to warn the Government against thinking that the Kaiser has yet, by any means, shown his real hand in regard to those peace overtures. He still has several cards up his sleeve. The fact is that Germany has prepared her plans for peace as thoroughly as she did those for war. Some months ago we predicted that "Peace will be sudden," whilst for weeks past—and especially since the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph—we have been urging the public to watch Austria-Hungary. Indeed, several months ago we asked, "Has Austria had enough?"—and we had our reasons for the question. Since the accession of the new Emperor, however, things have taken a dramatic turn. Resting, at the best of times, upon an extremely feeble foundation, he has quickly realised that if his dynasty is to endure, it is necessary to at once appease Hungary, and to a smaller extent Bohemia—both of which kingdoms remained loyal to the Dual Monarchy only out of personal regard for the late Emperor. This is the secret of the recent concentration of the enemy forces against Roumania—the hope being that the capture of large quantities of oil and grain would relieve the dire extremity of the Hungarians, and thus keep them true to their alliance. It has really been a fight for food. Now, however, that it has been found that Roumania anticipated events by destroying her stores of both commodities, a serious reaction has set in; and there can be no doubt that the Emperor has made it quite clear to the Kaiser that he will be unable to hold his empire together many weeks longer. Hence these Peace proposals—based upon plans long ago matured. First, there was to be a general informal feeler—for the sole purpose of setting the Allies talking. Then, by prearrangement, was to be invoked the American intervention—to be followed by the proposal for a Conference, and ultimately succeeded by a suggestion for a general armistice, preceded by a withdrawal of the enemy from French and Belgian soil. We prepared our readers for this in September last—and now, true to our slogan, all that we predicted is coming to pass.

Germany has Shot her Bolt.

We have sometimes been taunted for our "fatuous optimism" in predicting an early and sudden termination of the war; but we knew what we were talking about, and but for the Haldane-Grey influence in the late Government the end would have been in sight months ago. I repeat what I said last week—that Germany is in sore straits for food. The poorer classes are already on the verge of starvation—people are dying in the streets. We know, also, that her gold reserves are giving out—and in modern warfare that is a factor not less vital than food. Her army, too, is becoming despondent and demoralised, as witness the wholesale surrender of prisoners at Verdun and elsewhere. And what of her people? The Kaiser was to have had his Christmas dinner in Paris in 1914, and to have been installed in Buckingham Palace in the spring of the following year. To vary slightly President Lincoln's famous dictum: "You may fool all the Germans some of the time, and some of the Germans all the time—but you cannot fool even all the Germans all the time"! And we very much doubt whether it would be possible to obtain a policy at Lloyd's on the life of the Kaiser to-day. His subjects are seething with discontent, and phlegmatic though the Teuton temperament may be, there are more unlikely things than a general revolution in the Fatherland within the next few months, unless the war is brought to an end. This peace which the Kaiser so devoutly wishes is not for the sake of his deluded people; it is to save his own face. There is not a man or a woman living in Germany to-day but has been reared and nurtured on the gospel of the Emperor's infallible power. When he challenged us in August, 1914, he was making the gambler's throw. Victory, and he strode Colossus-like across the world; defeat, and his very crown would be in peril. To-day he sees the finger of Fate pointing to an empty throne; in fancy he already hears the cry of a deluded and disgraced nation: "Down with the Kaiser!" His grinning son stands trembling by his side. The game is up—the dice have turned against them; Nemesis dogs their steps; desolation and destruction await them. The God whose name they have taken in vain averts his face from the instigators of murder and lust, lust of blood and of body. The tragi-comedy is near its end—the Hohenzollerns are doomed; the reign of terror is drawing to its close. With profanity on his lips, the Kaiser calls for peace. With murder in his heart, he seeks to escape the inevitable penalty, that he may live to build up again the awful machine for the killing of men and the crushing of the human soul. Thus we have the nation which, in the name of God, razed Rheims Cathedral to the ground, and in the cause of humanity sank the *Lusitania*, now appealing to the Neutral States in the name of God and humanity to bring about peace. We warn the Government to be on its guard. As we have already said, we are not greatly enamoured of the constitution of its War Council—and we hope it will leave Sir William Robertson and Admiral Jellicoe to settle matters.

The Coming Conference.

Candidly, we do not like that item on the Agenda of the coming Imperial Conference, "To consider what terms of peace, subject to the approval of our Allies, would be acceptable." It may be quite legitimate to consider in private the terms of such Peace Treaty as would be acceptable to ourselves and our friends, but it would be a fatal blunder to make them public. There is one message, and one only, for Germany—which all Dominions will be burning to send: "You threw down the gauntlet, and you must fight to a finish. The contest is not to be determined on points, but only by the knock-out blow. If, however, you wish to talk peace, there is one term precedent—unconditional surrender. The offer to withdraw from Northern France and Belgium is too transparent fraud to deceive us. You have to withdraw in ar...

ING QUICKLY.

ON—GERMANY'S DEATH-RATTLE.

HE EDITOR.

case—but it shall be at the mouths of our guns and the points of our bayonets. We are not to be hoodwinked into permitting you to return peacefully home, for the purpose of strengthening your own defences whilst the futile Peace Conference is wasting time in talk." That should be the message, and the only message, of the Allies, the details of whose peace terms can be disclosed when the conditions I have indicated have been complied with.

Glorious News Soon.

Meanwhile all the signs and portents are favourable to an early collapse of the foe. Indeed, in certain quarters whose opinions are entitled to respect, it is believed that the next two months will see an end of hostilities. I will not go so far as to accept this view, but I am certain that if the Allies will only present a resolute and uncompromising front, and go on strengthening their positions in the various theatres of war, the end will come with dramatic suddenness. First of all, we shall have independent overtures from Austria-Hungary—made either to the Allied Powers as a whole or to Italy direct. Then we shall have Bohemia breaking away from an alliance which she loathes and detests. Meanwhile, the equipment of Russia's new army will strike terror amongst the Turks, who by this time are beginning to realise how they have been fooled by the Kaiser. Bulgaria, too, will see what a blunder she committed when turning upon her old friends and champions, and will seek forgiveness before it is too late. Our forces at Salonica are being daily strengthened and consolidated, and even the sorely beset Tino will have to choose between obedience to his German consort and the dictates of self-preservation. But why are we still dallying with that traitor in Royal clothing? In the West, the enemy is at our mercy. At length the British are able to extend their lines, and to afford a much-needed and all-too-long-delayed relief to the gallant French; and it can be no secret to the enemy that very shortly a vigorous and unrelenting offensive is to be resumed—which means that we must set to work establishing huge clearing depots for the collection of demoralised German prisoners. On the sea, too, we are not idle. The submarine menace is the only danger we have to face, and I decline to believe that our maritime genius is incapable of grappling with the problem. Indeed, from all I hear, I think we shall very soon have seen the worst of this new method of naval warfare. And behind everything remains our majestic Fleet, yearning for the "Day" when the German rats shall venture forth from their canal retreat. Add to all this, that the Allies have still unlimited gold reserves and inexhaustible credit, and may not we in all truth declare that "Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue, If England to herself do rest but true"? For all of which reasons, I repeat my firm conviction that peace will come as suddenly as did war—and quicker than most people to-day anticipate. As soon as the Kaiser realises that we see through the hypocrisy and blasphemy of his present proposals, he will be confronted by a situation which will compel him to face the facts and throw himself upon the mercy of the Allies. Then will the new Government be put to its test. And here I must express my regret at the absence from the Premier's recent speech of any intimation to Germany that we mean to pay her in her own coin. "Reparation, Restitution, and Guarantees" is a fine diplomatic phrase, but, as the Americans say, "it cuts no ice." How can we have Reparation except by the summary execution of those responsible for Germany's crimes on land and sea, "*whoever they be and whatever their stations*"? We do not intend to let Mr. Lloyd George forget this pledge of the Government of which he was a member. How can we have Restitution of that which has been destroyed except by the levying of an indemnity of such dimensions as shall constitute a crushing charge upon the revenues of Germany for generations to come? And how can we have Guarantees except by the surrender of the German fleet, the disbandment of her army, and the splitting up of her empire into the small states of which it once consisted? These are plain and simple phrases which the Man-in-the-Street understands. There is nothing of the Balliol touch about them, and we ask Mr. Lloyd George, as the people's Premier, to adopt them without qualification or ambiguity.

Our Condition of Support.

So long as he does this—but not a day longer—he may rely, for what it may be worth, upon my unqualified and disinterested support, and my abstention from many criticisms of the constitution of his Government which force themselves upon my mind. I do not use this language in any arrogant, self-sufficient sense. I speak as the Editor of a journal which enjoys a circulation and wields an influence unique in newspaper history; and as one who, for good or evil, has gained the ear and the confidence of a sufficient section of the British public to make or unmake Ministries. This is no time for mincing words and talking empty platitudes. Mr. Lloyd George is no Heaven-sent genius, nor is his Ministry a *council* of perfection. He is, however, a man of indomitable courage and energy, of undoubted patriotism, and of strong personal magnetism—whilst, allowing for several extremely risky and inexplicable appointments, he has gathered around him a number of men of great ability and experience. And to both him and them it is the duty of all of us to accord ungrudging, and even enthusiastic, support—so long as they prove themselves worthy of the tremendous trust and responsibility which, in the most literal sense, the fortunes of war have cast upon them. Never did Prime Minister enter upon his office under more auspicious omens. Just imagine being greeted by Peace proposals from the enemy! He comes to give the finishing touch to the foe. Germany is a nation on its knees; the Hohenzollern a Kaiser on the rack. Let him spare neither; let him strike hard—for now is the supreme moment of victory!

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

GLASGOW POLICE TRY TO TRAP A PUBLICAN.

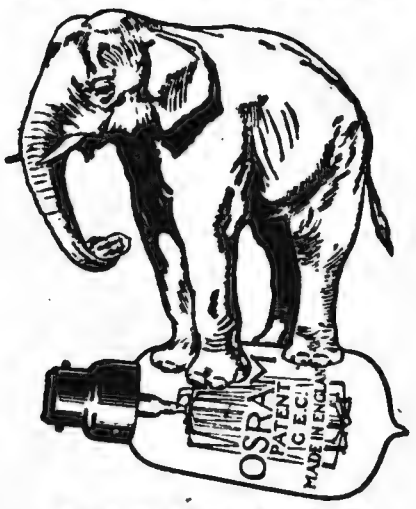
Police plots to entrap the poor publican have come to a pretty pass in Glasgow, where the unsavoury game has been played lower down than ever. Constable Dooley had the nerve to stand up in the Sheriff Court and tell how he had paid a woman to attempt to induce a licensee to commit an offence under the Liquor Control Order. He sent the woman on a Saturday, in daylight, to buy a gill bottle of whisky, and handed her 2s. to pay for it. She was not served, but the policeman alleged she had been told to go back after dark. So, at 6.5 p.m., she returned to the house, and, the constable said, at 6.10 she emerged and delivered to him that gill bottle of spirits for which she had angled. So pleased was he with what he considered the success of his manœuvre that he gave his lady friend a shilling for herself—all out of his own pocket, so he said. Even the Sheriff was astonished at such strange tactics. "Is that the way Liquor Control cases are worked up?" he asked. There were more startlers to come, for the constable stated he had informed the woman she would not be prosecuted. The defending solicitor pointed out that it was an offence to aid and abet in committing what was said to have been done in the case, and, after the licensee and other witnesses had sworn that the woman was not served with the whisky at the time or place mentioned, the Sheriff, preferring to "make no observation on the evidence or its character, or the mode by which it was obtained," "found the charge not proven"—which, in Scotland, is next best to "not guilty." It puzzles us why police officers should go to all that trouble in trying to make some innocent man commit an offence. Their duty is to detect offences, not to find funds, fee women, and provide opportunities for tempting a man to err. We are glad that Magistrates show an increasing tendency to examine the methods by which such cases are "got up," and in this particular instance we think they might well prosecute inquiries as to the exact source of the piece of silver given as reward to the woman for her dirty work—that the constable bestowed it from his own pocket is difficult to believe.

HANSON IS AS HANSON DOES.

THE ELUSIVE EGG-MERCHANT OF LONG LANE.

H. Hanson, advertising that he wants to buy eggs from country folk, states that his address is "10, Long Lane, West Smithfield; Telephone, 4952 Holborn." It may be his address for postal purposes, but it is not his business premises. There is a shop there, but it is not H. Hanson's; it is a tobacconist's, from whom some weeks ago he rented a room. Hanson lives in Brixton, but he has no business premises there. He is altogether a most elusive egg-merchant, as at least one reader has found to her cost. She answered his advertisement, and supplied him; at the end of October, with 30 dozen eggs at 2s. 9d. per dozen, the amount due to her, with carriage, coming to £4 3s. 6d. The latest information is that the money is still due. He did make an excuse; a clumsy and evasive one. Having received more than four pounds' worth of eggs, he wrote, "Don't send any more." He must have known she had not intended to, because she had stipulated for weekly payments, and he had tacitly agreed. He went on: "We want New Laid these are not New Laid but most are gathered Eggs. We have Experts here for the purpose." "Here" means 10, Long Lane—the tobacconist's shop, where H. Hanson most certainly has no "Experts," whether for laying eggs, gathering them, or judging them. Piling on the agony, he continued: "I am sick and tired of getting stuff from the country. . . . You will have to wait until the 1st December for your account. I have lost enough and am not going to *loose* any more." That was an impertinent letter to send to a woman to whom he owed over £4. And it was untrue—for the whole of the eggs were new laid, by the woman's own fowls (on which she depends for her living), with the exception of nine only, and those few were supplied and vouched for by a neighbour. Not one was "gathered." She has had one postcard since the letter, saying, "Mr. Hanson in country buying; will see about account next week when he gets back." He, however, has not "seen about" the account, whether he is back or not. From the facts set out, it will be gathered that Hanson himself is the "bad egg" in the case.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

Influenza.

Telephone message received Nov. 30th, 1916, by Glaxo from a Doctor:

"DO you know that the influenza epidemic this year is affecting the stomach, preventing the patients retaining nourishment? I find my patients can assimilate your Glaxo, due, I suppose, to its flocculent curd.* You ought to make this widely known at once."

**A flocculent curd is a soft, finely pulverised formation. A hard, dense leathery curd, such as the curd of ordinary cow's milk, would prevent the patient retaining nourishment.*

GLAXO (Dept. 36), Marcol House, 155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 4310 and 4311 Proprietors, Joseph Nathan & Co., Ltd., London and Wellington, N.Z.

18617

The Senior Service on

MURATTI

"CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

The Mine-Sweeper's Skipper.

10 for 4d

"YES, I s'pose it *is* a bit nerve searching, especially when an enemy periscope is sighted just as we've heaved the 'horned death' to the surface. But, bless you! a life at sea has its compensations . . . and the amazing tonic of danger is not the least of 'em. When the tension is over, a 'Classic' is my first thought—always!"

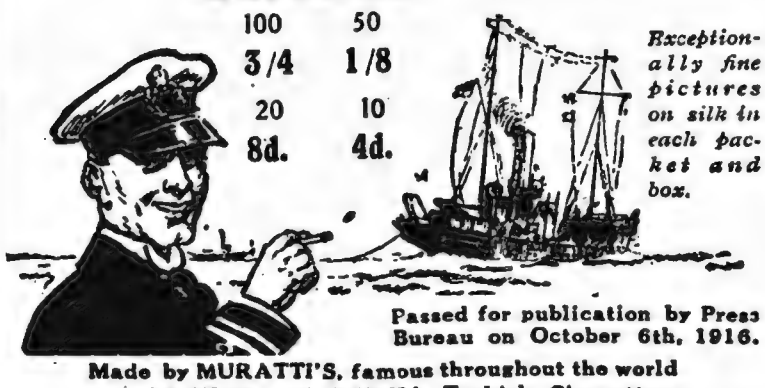
"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. Cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

Obtainable from all high class tobacconists or from Muratti's Ltd. West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

On Sale Everywhere.

100	50
3/4	1/8
20	10
8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.



Passed for publication by Press Bureau on October 6th, 1916.

Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the world for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

A Profitable Pastime for WIVES.

The more we kill off our reserve stock of poultry, the worse becomes our national position, and the only remedy is to **increase the poultry population by breeding more chicks.** All classes of the community, in town or country, can take up this work with a certainty of making big profits, provided they make use of

HEARSON'S Incubator

—the only incubator that hatches every fertile egg.

English imports of eggs and poultry from foreign countries have been so much restricted by the war, that the demand now far exceeds the supply.

Interesting handbook, "The Problem Solved" (104 pp. published at 1s.) Gratis, and Post Free from—
Spratt's Patent Limited,
24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.
S 30

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

THE MORE BEER BREWED The Greater the Supply of Milk.

Under this heading the Brewing industry has presented its case in an advertisement on page ii of cover of this issue. It is a complete reply to the Temperance Advocates, and confirms our editorial comments on this subject.

CATARRH DEAFNESS

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S WISH THAT ALL SUFFERERS SHOULD HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEIR AILMENTS.

"THE HOME DOCTOR"

A CONCISE GUIDE FOR THE HOME TREATMENT OF

Catarrh
Deafness
Head Noises.
Colds & Coughs
Asthma.
Hay Fever.
Bronchitis

BY

Sir Hiram Maxim

LEGION OF HONOUR

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He cured himself by a simple home appliance and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and his greatest wish was that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from:

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

You may have been disappointed by other methods, but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise or their own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PLAYER'S

COUNTRY LIFE

Tobacco

Cigarettes

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

PER 7D. OZ.

PER 2/4 ¼ lb. TIN

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at DUTY FREE PRICES.

PINK PACKET
10 *for* 4D.

BLUE PACKET
10 *for* 3½D.

Larger Packings at Proportionate Prices

Terms on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

NOTTINGHAM

P277

THE EVERYDAY MILK

With Milk and Cream so dear, "IDEAL" is a real boon to the economical housewife. Used undiluted, "IDEAL" is excellent for every purpose of fresh cream except **it won't "whip."** Diluted, it excels dairy milk for every purpose of fresh milk.

IDEAL MILK

Guaranteed Always Fresh and Pure.

NO SUGAR—NO PRESERVATIVE.

As Supplied to the Navy and Army.

Of all Grocers and Stores.
Cash Prices 8d. & 4½d. per tin.

They deserve the best— send them

Bovril

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP.

Good evenin', sir. . . . I sed '*Good evening, sir.*' There ain't no 'arm in sayin' 'Good evenin',' I 'opes? You ain't in the best o' tempers, I fency. . . . Oh, you kin git as crorss as you like, sir! I ain't in khaki. I ain't under no bloomin' Chelsea sergeant-major wot thinks the 'ole bloomin' earth was made to yell an' cuss at. I'm a loyal British citizen, keen on winnin' the wore, an' I'm serprized at yer! . . . *Wot do I mean?* I'll tell yer. You're wot they calls the 'Chief Liberal W'ip.' Very well. Now, I awsk you, wot good are you on earth? Do you call yerself a necessity, or a bloomin' luxury? . . . Eh? '*A necessity?*' For why? Did jew ever 'ear of sich a thing as a Coalition? . . . You did? Well, wot erbout it? W'y don't you coalesce? . . . Eh? Don't chew know we're at wore with the fiends of 'ell? . . . You *do?* Well, w'y play the Party goat, then? . . . *Wot do I mean?* Wot I say. Think I don't know 'oo inspired thet leadin' article in the *Daily Chronicle?* You suggest thet becos' Derby, Rotherham, an' Rossendale 'as returned Liberal Members to the 'Ouse o' Commons in pre-War days, they oughter be let do the same to-day. You seemter think the electers oughter 'ave no choice. But chewer wrong. . . . 'Party truce' be damned! Did the Liberal Party foresee the wore? Did they *prepare* for the wore? Did they warn the 'Uns 'ow we should *hact* in the case o' wore? . . . Then w'y in 'Ades, with their record be'ind 'em, should Liberals expect to be returned unopposed to the 'Ouse? . . . *Truce?* Truce be blowed! Thet wouldn't be no truce—it would be a surrender! . . . Oh, well, get out, then!

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

WILHELM OF GERMANY, *solil.*:

I willed the war, as I've confessed
(Who am by God Almighty blessed!);
I've had my fill of rape and slaughter,
Of murdered mother, outraged daughter,
Of crucified and bruised civilians
(My victims now must run to millions!).
I've devastated and destroyed,
And the most fiendish means employed
To crush my enemies, and prove
I'm favoured by the God of Love!
From out the skies I've showered down
Death on the unprotected town;
I've risen up from out the sea
And sent souls to eternity—
Souls who were peacefully employed!
Their strangled death how I've enjoyed!
My own grey subjects I have driven
To Hell—which is the German's Heaven!
In safety, seated on my throne,
I've smiled to hear all Europe groan;
I've grinned, as to my eager ears
Has come the wail of women's tears;
I've laughed, as on the breeze was borne
The sweet, sad sobs of them that mourn;
I've revelled in the rage of sorrow
And hoped more misery to-morrow!
But now (wonders will never cease!)
I feel a strange desire for peace!
I, who confessedly willed the war,
Now to the world would peace restore!
But, strange to say, my holy mission
Is meeting with strong opposition!
The neutrals upon whom I trod
(Always with the consent of God)
Instead of grovelling at my feet,
Seem now to long for my defeat!
Peace, perfect peace, is now my aim,
Before defeat has spoiled my game—
My game? Why, to re-arm once more
And curse the world again with war!

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"Please send me a copy of Schedule of Rates for Articles—News Items, Jokes, etc., and let me know any particular items on which articles or letters are wanted if any."

"As this place is so busy and a lot of Gents about here I would Advice you as a man of high position to send me a Motor Car to run back and fro we would do it grand now is the Chance—room for about four at the time I would drive it grand only to have a week's training let me know as soon as it is possiable will you Ecxuse me dont show thiss secret and we would earn about two or three hundred in a Month, and you and I would do it as a firm."

"Before the war great excitement was caused by the appearance in the sky of objects called 'commits.' It was predicted by great scientists that, should these 'commits' touch the earth, the world would come to an end. Is it possible that these so-called 'commits' were Zeppelins, although from our experience, Zeppelins, when falling to earth, do *not* destroy the whole field."

"I take the liberty of writing to you. I am sixteen years of age and work in the above Gardens. I wish to become a Wireless Operator, as my present wages barely keep me and I can get no help from home (as my parents are poor) I take the liberty of asking you to lend me what would enable me to be a Wireless Operator. My pay then would enable me pay back my Debt in a few years and I would sign any legal document you think necessary to ensure repayment and also could send you Reference as to character. Of course if I failed to pass exam. you would be at the loss of your money, but I feel sure that you could depend on me to pass if at all possible. I am a constant reader of your excellent paper, it was recommended me by my brother now in the Army. I admire the way in which tell our rotten Government off. Please excuse my writing, but I intend to make use of the offer in JOHN BULL as regards Fountain Pens. Do you think you could let me have a reply before Xmas. It would make my Christmas happy if you agreed to my proposal. With Best Wishes as regards your health."

The Joy of Good Health

within easy reach of every man or woman suffering from occasional or chronic constipation.

The latest product of science for the relieving of Constipation is found in Chocoloids—the little chocolate-coated tablets with a wonderful effect.

A course of Chocoloids will give a new lease of life to the sufferer—will bring back the youthful spirit, the sparkling eye, and will remove every trace of unnatural lassitude.

For all cases of constipation (whether mild or severe), and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, and depression of the nervous system.

Chocoloids

Regd.

The CURE for Constipation

are unequalled. They do not gripe or bind, are certain in action, but not drastic.

The composition of Chocoloids is entirely herbal in character, and they are prepared by qualified Pharmacists under ideal laboratory conditions.

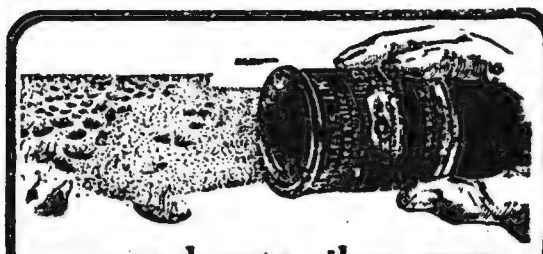
Price 2/6 per box of 60 tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box, 1/3, containing 24 tablets. Obtainable from all Chemists, or **post free from the Makers.**

Send a tin to the Front.

Chocoloids take the place of natural laxatives, (vegetables, etc.) they can easily be carried about in the pocket. Put a tin in your next parcel.

The Chocoloid Co., Dept. B., Stirchley Labs., Birmingham.



—and soon they were speeding to cover—simply falling over each other.

Hawley's I.K. is bad—very bad—for camp pests. It's a fine clean powder, very pleasant to use, and does not merely "turn them over," but absolutely exterminates such camp pests as fleas, beetles, lice, &c.
Send your Soldier friend a tin to-day.

Hawley's I.K. is put up in handy sprinkler tins, and is a sure preventative against disease. Armed with Hawley's your Soldier friend will feel safeguarded against one of the greatest discomforts of the trenches.

Hawley's **I.K.** Insect Killer

From Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Manufactured by Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum .. .. .. 1 oz.
Orlex Compound .. a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(ADVT.)

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. Thousands have done so for twelve years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

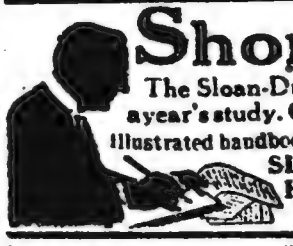
which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a course for beginners who need not know a note. Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as case may be.

A Recent Letter.

I have learned more about music from your first six lessons than in all the welve months under my late music teacher.
H. S. (Cleethorpes).

Mr. H. BECKER.
81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Shorthand

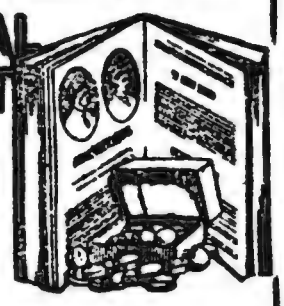


The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study. Greatest speed record. Illustrated handbook with lesson, &c., free.
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN Headqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate

BLOOD AND SKIN TROUBLES CURED

The most wonderful cure for Blood and Skin Troubles and Contagious Diseases has been discovered in South Africa. It is called Domigo, and is a secret which has been known to the natives for centuries. It is now working the most marvellous cures in England. It cures even when everything else fails—often in a few days. To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments, together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin troubles, for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

THIS TRIAL TREATMENT 6d POST FREE



Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons & pollutions.

Domigo quickly cures
LUPUS. LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.
ECZEMA. PSORIASIS. ULCERS. SYCOSIS.
GOUTY ECZEMA. BOILS & PIMPLES.
BLOTCHY SKIN. ACNE. ANAEMIA.
CONTAGIOUS DISEASES of the BLOOD.

Send to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the Trial Treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from all branches of Boots' and Taylors'.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

We in this country have not seen Willard, the big white cowboy who, by virtue of his defeat of Jack Johnson, is the world's champion heavyweight, and really from what I have been able to gather there is little chance of his appearing in this country. It was always understood that he had no great liking for fighting, and I cannot help thinking that when he met Johnson he had good reason for believing that the huge negro was either a shell of the man he was or had made up his mind to have one more fight just to "raise the wind" and then get out. Certainly, he knew the public had had enough of Johnson. The victory of Willard, which gave him the right to strut at large as the champion big man of all the countries, did not convince me that he touched greatness; only as a rare physical specimen has he ever appealed to me. To compare Willard with Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Jackson or Slavin is ridiculous. Willard has done no wonderful feat, and yet, now that Las Darcy, Australia's wonderful boxer, has actually arrived in the States, he is asking for 50,000 dollars before he condescends to put on a glove. Really, within comparatively recent times, boxers—more especially Americans—be they champions, have developed most extraordinary ideas as to their value.

HAY AND SUNSHINE.

Tommy Burns set the fashion of demanding a fortune for defending a title. "Six thousand, win, lose or draw, is what I want," declared Burns after he beat Gunner Moir, "and if I cannot get that there is nothing doing." But the real secret of Burns asking so much was his knowledge that there was only one man he need fear, and that man Jack Johnson, not then the swaggering black mountain he developed into after his triumph at Sydney, but one who, in my opinion, was as near as makes no matter the greatest heavyweight boxer we have ever had. I have always felt that Burns, though the quintessence of gameness, and one who had a supreme belief in his own ability and his own importance, knew that once he faced Johnson his day was ended. Small blame to Burns, but it is not good that there should be given a flat sum to any champion whether he wins or loses.

I shall always consider that Willie Ritchie, who with Welsh put up the last world's championship fight in England, and of which I was the referee, was a most fortunate young man to be guaranteed so many thousands by Mr. Cochran. For Ritchie was no wonder—not to be compared with Welsh—and upon reflection I find it hard to explain how it came about that Ritchie was able to demand an absurdly high figure. Of course, he had the lightweight championship, and took precious good care to squeeze every penny out of the promoters. Freddie Welsh got little or nothing out of that affair at Olympia beyond the title. This, of course, he has exploited with the cleverness of a high priest of finance, and I should say that he is now a very rich man.

But I am wondering, when championships come again (I do not count the recent contest between Wells and Voyles, for Wells had nothing to do), whether it will be possible to tackle such a title-holder as Willard—that is to say, if he still considers himself an active force, whether he will be permitted to hug the championship tight and at the same time ask for a monstrously high sum for his end of the purse. Fifty thousand dollars! If this is not the limit in cheek then I'm a Dutchman. Let Willard go on shouting his "price" and he will flicker out by reason of inactivity. The presence of Darcy in America will undoubtedly give an additional fillip to boxing, and the keenness of the public to see the truly wonderful Australian boy will set up such a break-neck competition among promoters that there will be an epidemic of big purses.

THE MAGIC RING.

On many days during the festive season the number of shows and the large crowds they have attracted clearly prove that the public cannot have too much boxing. At the Ring—where since the earliest days of the war many thousands of wounded Tommies have been welcomed free of charge, and where several thousands of pounds has been collected for different war charities—the difficulty was to accommodate all comers. At the Holborn Stadium as many as 3,000 people were present on Boxing Day. I understand that a syndicate is in process of formation to have built in London a hall to accommodate 10,000 folk, and that it will be almost entirely used for holding boxing contests. There is nothing new in a project of this kind. Many of my American friends have frequently expressed surprise that a big boxing hall was not kept going all the year round, not only in London but at all the big provincial centres.

Start the New Year with a JOHN BULL PEN *January 1917*

For Particulars see Coupon

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1/- EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.
(Jan. 6, 1917.)
P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

A Close Shave.

IN whatever circumstances, you are always sure of a cool, close shave by using McClinton's Shaving Cream. Just take a small piece of Cream on your finger tips and spread it over the chin. Then lather up with a brush dipped in hot or cold water, and you will find this superlatively rich, penetrating lather immediately softens even the most stubborn beard, and renders your shave a sheer delight.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Cream

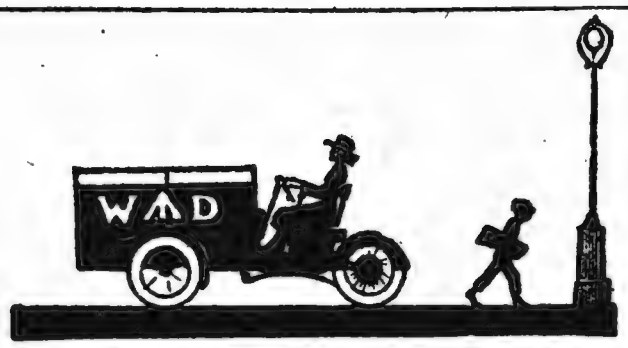
In Tubes, 6d. & 1s. Opal Pots, 1s.

McClinton's Shaving Soap is also obtainable in Sticks. Hibernia at 1/- and Exquisite at 6d. each.

FREE.—The Colleen Book of British Beauty

containing six beautifully coloured miniature portrait postcards of famous Bygone Beauties, on receipt of 1d. stamp; or will be sent with a generous sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap for 2d. for packing and postage. McClinton's Ltd. (Dpt. A.G.4), Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone.

Close Shave Series. No. 2.



THE GIRL WHO DRIVES

Will tell you that the finest thing to keep you going is a cup of **Milkmaid Brand Milk-Cocoa.** Rich in nutriment and sustenance, Milkmaid Milk-Cocoa is a beverage of unequalled food-value—the ideal emergency meal when pressed for time. It is made in a moment by simply adding boiling water. **Very Economical** because neither Milk nor Sugar is required. Try a tin to-day.

MILKMAID BRAND MILK-COCOA

The Cocoa with the Milk-Chocolate Flavour.

Of all Grocers & Stores
Cash Prices—3d., 5½d. & 10½d. per tin.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

Feed the tired Brain and jangled Nerves with

SANAPHOS

The Ideal Reconstructive Nerve Food.

All—and Always—British.

SANAPHOS is completely soluble, easily mixed, particularly palatable.

SANAPHOS is based on milk, reinforced by scientific combination with life-giving Phosphorus.

SANAPHOS is easily digestible and in this respect differs from all the other Nerve foods which are mere Casein preparations.

SANAPHOS is the only Nerve food which beat Sanatogen on its merits —vide hundreds of personal testimonials.

SANAPHOS perfected, attractive and immediately effective is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at 1/-, 1/6, 2/6 and 5/- per tin.

For SAMPLE FREE and all information address British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

CURE YOUR INDIGESTION

by the latest, safest, and *best* method—

DR. YOUNG'S EXERCISE SYSTEM MEDICINAL

THE old methods of curing bowel or stomach disorders were either by exercise, diet or medicine. The latest scientific and up-to-date method combines all three, and so makes three times as certain of curing *any* form of Indigestion and Constipation

This revolutionary discovery is the result of years of research. Learn how to cure yourself and save doctors' fees by writing to-day for the text book—My System—which will be sent you, together with a sample of Dr. Young's marvellous digestive-laxative tablets, on receipt of 1/- postal order.

So absolutely certain are we of the infallibility of our system that we guarantee to return your shilling if you return the book (within three days of your receipt of it) because you consider the method unsound.

The sceptical are specially invited to write for a copy of this book. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—the testimonial below is from a lady who was very sceptical—read what she says now.

SEND TO-DAY FOR THE TEXT-BOOK.

Read this Testimonial.

"I had had so many disappointments with so-called cures of indigestion and constipation that I tried Dr. Young's System with great scepticism.

"Half a box of the tablets served to remove all my doubts, and after two more boxes I found myself cured, and every pain and symptom absolutely gone."

Post This Coupon To-day

To the Dr. Young Co., Sun Buildings, Leeds

Please send me your Text Book and sample of Dr. Young's Tablets. I enclose 1s. for same, which you undertake to return if I return the Text Book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

J. B. 4

Nervous Breakdown.

Splendid cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mr. George Clark, 1, Rose Terrace, Douglas Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, says: "I was so terribly weak that I could hardly drag about, and once or twice actually fainted in the street. I hardly closed my eyes for nights at a time, and I ate so little that I went down to under 6 stone in weight. Naturally I became more and more neurasthenic, weak, wasted and just a bundle of nerves. For nearly three years I was at home unable to work, and the awful depression I felt I cannot describe. Ordinary medicine did no good, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets, as my friends say, worked a miracle. Very soon I began to feel better. I could eat and sleep, and rapidly my strength came back. At the present time I am in splendid health."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder
Spinal Paralysis	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Palpitation	Premature Decay	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices—1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and a penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply—Box E.L.21, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Uniformed Beggars.

We suggest that the Provost-Marshal should issue a strict instruction to his "red-caps" forbidding them to beg from our boys returned from the Front. It is quite common at our railway stations, when the Expeditionary men change their French notes, for the red-capped guardians of the law to remark, "What about letting me have the coppers, Chummy?" As "chummy" has very little love for the policeman, he usually keeps his coppers in his pocket. The police are sufficiently well paid, and such undignified practices are particularly objectionable, in view of the relative positions of the parties.

This Must Not Be.

Soldiers are granted return tickets at single fares, and their wives wishing to see them while in hospital are given the same privilege. The fifty per cent. increase on travelling charges must not apply to these men or their dependents.

Snivelling Sneaks.

We have a sheaf of complaints about parcels which went astray at Havre. As they were handled by snivelling "conscientious" cowards, who talked religion while they were pleading for their sacred skins, we are not surprised. It is rather hard lines on our ill-paid soldiers' wives that the parcels, to provide which they stint themselves, are stolen by the most worthless scum in the service of any of the belligerent Powers.

Sweating the Soldiers.

We have before us an Order, issued by the Commanding Officer of a company of the A.S.C., which reads:—"Saddle Soap: A quantity of tins of ——'s saddle soap is available for issue to men at 6½d. per tin. Apply to Company Office." As saddle soap is supposed to be a free issue why are men asked to surrender half-a-day's pay for it? We should like to see the indents and receipts of the company.

Tommy in Hospital.

Perhaps the officer in charge of the Wharncliffe War Hospital, Sheffield, will tell us who gave the order that the little Christmas decorations of flags and evergreens should be pulled down in ward No. 26, although they had been purchased by subscription among the wounded soldiers. The actual mandate was, we understand, issued by a divisional sister, but it would appear that somebody, too cowardly to do the deed personally, sheltered himself behind petticoats. We have been very lenient with the hospitals, but consideration is sometimes misplaced, and, after all, the interests of our sick and suffering are paramount. We want the wounded and invalids to be treated as honoured patients, not as prisoners of war in the hands of the Huns. Will the Director-General of the Army Medical Services please note?

The Naughty Boy is Barred.

A public tea was given to some Royal Field Artillerymen at Frome, but there was a fly in the jam in the shape of the following Order:—"Notice: Public Tea.—Any N.C.O. or man who is a defaulter, or who has at any time since joining the unit forfeited pay for absence or other causes, is not to attend the tea provided in the Council School on Boxing Day.—A. F. Stancombe." We do not envy the curmudgeon who issued such an Order at the time of peace and goodwill, when most of us are ready to forget the slight lapses of our subordinates.

On the Plain.

All the Tommies on Salisbury Plain were not quite happy at Christmas. In some of the units food was very scanty and fuel was not forthcoming; the lads, therefore, had to tighten their belts and shiver. It would seem that the military system of the moment has been devised to dissuade our soldiers from rejoining, after demobilisation, the standing Army of at least 750,000 men which we shall have to keep up.

The Forty Thieves.

When a man gets into khaki his civil attire is made up into a parcel and forwarded to his home. We regret to learn that it is quite common for such parcels to be looted. If supervision is exercised, it should not be difficult to detect the mean thieves, although even then it is quite possible—we speak from experience of our Magistrates' Courts—that the skunks would simply be given a few weeks in the second division. If necessary, a special law should be passed consigning such scallawags to long periods of hard labour, if not to penal servitude.

Suffering Surrey Men.

We sent a representative to Westgate-on-Sea recently to look into the complaints of the Surrey Battalion. He reports that they are half-starved—if, indeed, that phrase is adequate to the facts. The men do a hard day's march, besides drilling, bayonet fighting, trench-digging, and heavy fatigue. Such exercises in the open air naturally give a ravenous appetite, but dinner on the occasion of the recent visit consisted of one pint of watery broth, without salt or pepper, with three or four small pieces of meat and one potato thrown in. Tea was represented by one-and-a-half very small and thin slices of bread and margarine. Next morning, breakfast consisted of similar slices of bread and margarine, with a three-inch square of Lolly Beef. We are not surprised to hear that the poor fellows spend all their spare cash on food.

Cheap and Dangerous.

An increasing number of foreigners are obtaining employment on our merchant ships, many of the vessels being engaged on important national work. The Scandinavian and Dutchman may be content to put up with fare that is not of the Board of Trade standard; but this should be no reason why "patriotic" shipowners should deliberately afford facilities to potential enemies to stab us in the back. Simple prudence bids us to act on the assumption that a great number of these foreign sailors are in the pay of the Germans.

Jack's Hard-Earned Pay.

In Italian waters we have some auxiliaries and other craft the crews of which complain that they are being dishonestly dealt with in financial matters. They receive pay on the scale of 80 lire to the £, being a reduction of 2 lire on the rate of exchange. There is, of course, no reason why they should not get the full value ruling ashore. When they complain, however, they are told that their treatment is according to an Admiralty Order. If so, we should like to know who is responsible for its issue.

A Juvenile Terror.

A certain torpedo-boat on the East Coast is commanded by a sub-lieutenant, about 20 years of age, who was passed to her from the Mercantile Marine—possibly he was a fourth officer. She is manned by a capable crew of bluejackets, but the young pepinjay, dressed in a little brief authority, plays Old Harry with the boat. His routine is scathingly commented on by the men. He carries on in such a way as frequently to break Regulations, and on the whole the young cub would make the most brutal of Marryat's skippers green-eyed with envy. We have had many complaints concerning him, and should be glad to give the First Lord any information he desires on the point.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

R. N. (Acton).—The wife of the Warrant Officer in question is entitled to an allowance of 30s. 6d. a week, she having two children.

B. C. R. (Dublin).—You should have notified the Paymaster when your child reached the age of 16. Having failed to do so, the demand for the return of the money erroneously issued is quite in order.

J. N. H. (Woolwich).—As you are not living within the London postal area, I am sorry to say that you are not entitled to the extra 3s. 6d.

MRS. E. H. (Purley).—The child having been solely dependent upon your husband at the time of his enlistment, it is entitled to an allowance. Send the birth certificate and particulars of your "ring paper" to the Paymaster at Warley.

H. C. (Cardiff).—I am glad to know that your pension has been increased by 10/-, and happy to have been of assistance.

"NEW TOMMY" (Dalston).—You should fill in a Military Service Civil Liabilities form, which you will obtain at the Post Office. It is probable that the Secretary will give the financial assistance you mention.

W. B. (Shoreditch).—If your son fills up form O. 1338, which his Commanding Officer will give him, you will receive a dependent's allowance.

MRS. S. S. (Finsbury Park).—You should apply to the Local War Pensions Committee for assistance towards your rent. You will find the Secretary at the Town Hall, Islington.

MRS. E. C. (Glasgow).—Separation allowance continues for 26 weeks after your husband's death. During the 24th week you will get an intimation concerning your pension.

E. P. (Shottisham).—As you continue to pay rent in London, the special area allowance will not be cut off owing to your absence.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. Richard George Chare, 4466, B Coy., Civil Service Rifles; Pte. W. H. Peake, 15330, R.S.F.; Pte. W. E Johnson, 15410, B Coy., Worcestershire Regt.; Pte. J. Latter, 14915, C Coy., 9th Norfolks; Pte. J. Leaney, 1392, A Coy., Royal Sussex Regt.; Rfn. Jack Eason, 2001, B Coy., London Rifle Brigade; L.-Cpl. R. D. Wymark, 789, C Coy., 8 Brigade, A.I.F.; Pte. G. Swanson, 21087, Cameron Highlanders; Rfn. George F. Boughton, Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. Shaw, 4003, D Coy., W. Riding Regt.; L.-Cpl. H. Wilson, 3469, R. West. Kents; Pte. J. B. Carney, 23594, C Coy., Man. Regt., Indian Contingent; Pte. A. Hallett, 29768, B Coy., 5th Platoon, Wilts Regt.; C.S.M. W. Stewart, 3316, A Coy., 12th Brigade, A.I.F.; Pte. J. McMurray, 12093, 7th Platoon, 2 Coy., Coldstream Guards; L.-Cpl. L. McQuillan, 7445, 8th Platoon, B Coy., R.F. Attached Gloucesters; Pte. T. Glover, 23517, K.R.R.; Pte. C. Caller, 4820, B Coy., 17th Section, 8th Platoon, R. West Kents.

Old age and Insomnia

OLD age and a nervous temperament favour sleeplessness. Before retiring take a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET. This complete and easily digested food soothes the nerves, promotes calm sleep and ensures digestive rest. Largely used by the Medical Profession.

Promotes Sleep.

"I have used the 'Allenburys' DIET at night on going to bed with considerable benefit. I find it sustaining and comforting and sleep much better after taking it. (SIGNED.).....M.D.

AIDS DIGESTION. INDUCES SLEEP.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- each of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

B74

Riley's Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from **£3 15s.** The 6ft. dia. size at **£5 15s.** cash or 15 monthly payments of **8s. 6d.** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from **£12 10s.** cash or in 18 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington

London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate St., E.C. ©

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d Soups

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A man came back from the Army and found his wife dying in hospital after an operation. At home were four young children, who were practically without food. The discharged soldier arrived with 6s. 6d. in his pocket, and came to us immediately for help — which we, of course, gave him.

An old soldier was about to be discharged from the infirmary. As he has no pension and is unfitted for ordinary work, his future was a difficult problem, but he decided—like so many other old soldiers — to become a hawker, and applied to us for funds for the purpose of obtaining a stock, which we sent him—and hope that he may be successful in earning a respectable and decent living.

An ex-soldier who also turned pedlar on his discharge, was proceeding along a country road with his donkey and cart in the dark, when a lordly motor came along, knocked the poor animal down, killing it, and proceeded on its way without stopping. The unfortunate man was thus deprived of his means of livelihood, nor could he resume his humble avocation until he brought his case to our notice, when we saw that he got another "moke."

The calls of Christmas-time placed very great pressure upon our funds. We had numerous cases of families, on starvation allowance, who had to face the season almost without food, and in many cases without fuel. Our subscribers will be glad to know that as far as possible we sent them good cheer.

The widow of a soldier, with two infants, undertook munition work to help her along. During her absence from the room the clothing of one of the youngsters caught alight, and it was burned to death. The distressed mother sent particulars of her sad case to us, and we took immediate steps to help her in the only way possible.

We regretted to note the number of soldiers' wives who lost their purses during Christmas time—whilst half a score threw their Treasury notes into the fire by mistake—thinking they were waste paper!

During the week, as during many previous weeks, we have assisted men who went up to help the Empire and fell whilst training. We are glad to be of assistance— whether it be in the matter of giving advice concerning pensions, or help from our Fund, or by clearing up difficulties with the Army Pay Department—the courteousness and full assistance of which we frankly and fully acknowledge. All we can do is done with a whole heart.

Since last summarising our work we have, as usual, buried decently the dead dependents of soldiers, as the men who are fighting for us would have desired. We have also brought joy to homes where little strangers have arrived; and in three cases we have arranged matters for soldiers and maids who desired to lock themselves together in Cupid's shackles. Good deeds gladly done! The reward is in the receipt of the grateful letters which reach us daily.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. F.-G. (Hampstead), £2 2s.; "Bob," 2s. 6d.; D. M., 10s. 6d.; "Whisky Poker" (Mesopotamia), £1; "A Hopeful Soldier's Wife," £1; A. C. M., 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; J. A. H. (Barnes), 10s.; "Another Soldier," 1s.; F. G. D., 4s.; T. E. K., 2s.; "In Memory of Nurse Violet Hallam" (per C. M. T.), £5 5s.; C. N., 5s.; Mrs. S. (U.S.A.), $1; H. T., 2s.; N., 1s.; R. A., 6d.; "Bohemia Road," 1s.; "Eva and Cecil," 5s.; "Wombat," 2s. 6d.; Miss M. O., 1s.; F. W., 1s.; A. F., 2s.; J. & E. P., 2s. 6d.; R. E. G., 5s.; "From Mell," 10s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 10s.; Mrs. L. J. Y. (Ontario), 24s. 6d.; J. A. R., 4s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s.; Gunners' and Signalmen's Mess, H.M.S. *City of Oxford*, £1; Mrs. W., 5s.; "2 yrs. 5 mos. C. G. W.," 5s.; E. W. (Blackburn), 1s.; "An Admirer," 2s. 6d.; G. B. (Woolwich), 2s. 6d.; M. M. O., 3s.; "Agent," 2s.; G. P. O., 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; A. M. W., 1s. 6d.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £3; "Briney" (Cork), 5s.; A. P. (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; C. F. C., 5s.; E. P., 1s.; "Gran," 6d.; "Five Little Boys and Girls" (Swaffham), 2s. 6d.; G. E. A. (Paddington), 2s. 6d.; "Jonathan," 10s.; T. T. P. (Warrington), 1s.; L. J. M. (Cahir), 5s.; "West Hoathly," 1s.; "Kitty," 5s.; "Bromsgrove," 1s.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; M. W. (Brixton), 5s.; Mrs. E. D. (Shortlands), 6s.; A. T. (Buxton), 2s.; M. M. (Hatch End), 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Sandbach), 1s.; F. H. S., 4s.; G. W. (Hull), 10s.; Mrs. M., 5s.; B. F. G. (Wakefield), 1s.; E. M. (Huddersfield), 1s. 6d.; W. T. H. (Pretoria), 5s.; "Hilda and Gwen," £1 1s.; Mrs. E. M. (Chippenham), 1s.; F. W., 5s.; G. S., 5s. 8d.; "Peter's Mother," 5s.

Mr. J. Elam, the winner of the first prize of £1,000 in our 216th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £25.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. W. A. Taylor, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 8s.; Mr. M. Purnell, "King's Arms," 357, Cable Street, Stepney, 2s. 11½d.; Mr. G. Henwood, 61, Goodge Street, W.C., 2s. 5½d.

ANTRIM.—Miss Elizabeth Henderson, Confectioner, Railway Street, 3s. 1½d.

CHESHAM.—Miss Andrews, Waterside Laundry, 17s.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. D. Somerville, 11, St. Vincent Street, 3s. 8d.

GOODMAYES.—The Doctors, Officers, Nurses, Attendants, Artisans and Friends of the West Ham Borough Asylum, 14s. 5d.

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR.

Below we have pleasure in publishing a further list of donations to our fund for providing gifts for the London poor. We take this opportunity of returning thanks to those who have so generously supported the fund:

B. M., 5s.; Mrs. W., 5s.; Mrs. S. (Hove), 2s.; "A Widow's Mite," 2s.; G. F. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. P. (Northampton), 2s.; L. K., 2s.; M. A. H., 1s.; H. B., 2s.; W. L. (Liverpool), 10s.; J. S. C., 6d.; C. A. (Faversham), 1s.; M. T. (Ripon), 1s.; H. W. (Bognor), 5s.; "Two Little Girls of a Soldier," 5s.; "Ruby and Marjorie Rowe," 2s. 6d.; J. C. M. (Liscard), 5s.; N. B. (Kirkwall), 1s.; Mr. W. B. and Family, 5s. 6d.; "Ethel," 10s.; "A Canadian Soldier" (Epsom), £2; "Regular Reader" (E. Ham), 5s. We have also received parcels of clothing, toys, etc., from the following:—"Pit Laddie," A. C, Anon. (Homer), Mrs. L. C. D., Mrs. E. (Braintree), Mrs. R. W. (Plaistow), E. M. W., H. A. E. (Wanstead), Mrs. A. S. M., B. E. (Finsbury Park), T. E. G., Mrs. N. (Bedford Park), "A Discharged Soldier's Widow," E. S. (Stamford Hill), "Aunt Gina," W. A., "Rita," Mrs. D. (Sheffield), Mrs. H., E. M. S., Mrs. C. (Bexhill).

NOT a Miracle! Just a Stols Electrophone.

It seems something akin to a miracle when Deaf people can be made to hear again words spoken in as low a tone as that adopted in ordinary conversation, yet there is nothing miraculous about the Stols Electrophone, which restores the faculty of hearing to the Deaf.

It is just a scientific little instrument—inconspicuous in wear—and withal so wonderful in construction and effect that with its aid Deaf people can hear minute sounds like the ticking of a watch.

STOLS Electrophone

magnifies sound just as a finely-made lens magnifies objects. It catches up every vibration of a voice or of a musical instrument, and intensifies them so perfectly that any speaker or player known before Deafness can be recognised individually by the Deaf person using a Stols Electrophone.

It has the virtues of every known appliance for Deafness embodied in it, and stands pre-eminently first among all ancient and modern inventions for remedying aural defects.

As a relief to those afflicted with Deafness, this instrument is of a value far beyond mere price—yet it is within the reach of every purse.

FIFTEEN DAYS' TRIAL

of the Stols Electrophone is offered to those really interested. Civilians suffering from Deafness, and Soldiers whose hearing has been affected by heavy gun-fire, should write or call immediately for full particulars of this TRIAL OFFER. Applications will be dealt with as quickly as possible and in strict rotation. Write or call to-day.

Thousands of testimonials can be inspected at our offices.

THE STOLS ELECTROPHONE CO. (1914) LTD.

Head Offices: (Dept. K.), 8, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND

Telephones—Regent 2096 and Gerrard 2161. Telegrams—Stolzectre, London.

Manchester Branch—17, St. Ann's Square. Glasgow Branch—90, Mitchell Street.

REPRESENTATIVES—

Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, S.W.
Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W.
M V Dunscombe, Ltd., St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.
Ernest Day, 40, St. Philips Road, Brook Hill, Sheffield.
Parris & Greening, 16, Western Road, Hove.
Johnson & Court, Ltd., 224, Dalton Road, Barrow.
M M Bellis, 67, Lord Street, Liverpool.
Chas. Kinchott, 23, Castle Street, Cardiff
Broom, Reid and Harris, 2, Queen Street, Exeter
Yeates & Son, Ltd., 2, Grafton Street, Dublin.
F. C. Milnes, at Boots "The Chemist," 60, Kirkgate, Bradford.
Johnson & Court, Ltd., 53, Castle Street, Carlisle.
A. C. Olde & Co., 12, Argyle Street, Bath.
Thos Porter, 30, Cattle Market Street, Norwich.

ALSO IN SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, CALCUTTA, MAJORCA, BRUGES, HOLLAND, and all principal cities and towns throughout the World.

REPRESENTATIVES REQUIRED IN ALL THE BIG CITIES.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

W. K. (Nottingham) wishes we could have got into the new Administration. Never mind, we have got the Business Government idea into the new Administration, and that to us is a proud achievement.

MRS. A. C. A. (Cardiff).—Your opinions about Salonica are ours. The Allies have been utterly hocus-pocussed. Von Constantein ought to have been hit on the crown long ago. It was the only way to get the right change out of that Sovereign.

"CHRISTIAN" (Edinburgh).—We hope the new Director of the Diet will stop the great sugar scandal and not humbug about it. You ought to know that we have been exposing it, week after week, for months.

W. G. (Glasgow).— Evidently the Allies are agreed Japan is doing her valuable best in the conditions of the war. She is turning out a prodigious quantity of munitions, and is now floating a British loan.

"CONSTANT READER" (Wolverhampton).—After the war Germans will seek employment in this country and get it, you think. We hope the national indignation will be strong enough to stop such a scandal.

J. G. (M/c. and London) says his "idea of an indemnity for Germhuny to pay would be about £50,000,000,000," Not enough!

LIEUTENANT A. P. D. (Italian Army).—Thanks for your most interesting letter from the Italian war zone. The Huns are all you say, and lots more that we can't print.

J. R. S. (Sheffield).—"All is not well with South Africa." So we said, and you agree. We are keeping our eyes skinned.

A. A. C. (Clifton).—Sorry we can't print your enclosure "weekly for the duration of the war." Our readers would probably begin to tire of it when they'd seen it about seventeen times.

"AN OLD READER."—"The professional at the Golf Club picked up a roll of notes belonging to a Germhun member and was rewarded with 'Thank you.'" Did he retort with, "*Tank* you"? And what is the Club doing with a Germhun member?

W. S. (London, E.C.) tells us that a Carmarthen farmer, appealing, "said his married daughter had twins early in the year and twins again later in the year." She seems to be in a starred occupation.

J. C. (Manchester).—Agreed that it is more important just at present to slay the devils we know than to preach about a Devil we don't.

J. P. (Hanwell).—Sorry, impossible for us to put right the grievances of all the munition workers who quarrel with their individual jobs.

F. R. (Maidenhead).—"Is there a gentleman at the Admiralty who has a German wife?" It is quite possible.

"CARTHUSIAN" (Limpsfield).—The Germhun "Peace" terms are "an impudent attempt to hoodwink the neutral nations." There's no doubt about it.

"ANOTHER HIELAND LIDDY."—You forcibly state your views in opposition to our own. On the whole, however, we agree with ourselves.

J. B. (Edinburgh).—So you, too, invented the "Tanks" or something very like them. Stand yourself two drinks!

"UPHOLDER OF JUSTICE" (Brightlingsea).—"Thousands of barrels of sprats being sent (nominally) to America." No such food ought to leave the country—even for Germany.

DRIVER P. H. W. (Ripon).—Will we "deem you the favour" to read your letter? Of course we will, especially as the Government is adopting some of your—and our—ideas about controlling land and crops. And not too soon, either.

"SINCERITY" (Clough).—As the father of a lad joined up, your letter is welcome. But your arguments for prohibition are not helped by your story of an officer ordering men to certain death. You ask, "Was he drunk—or worse?" For aught we know, he may have been a teetotaler.

H. L. (Rangoon).—We bow to your wisdom, after 30 years in India, but Mr. Hales did not suggest training "3,000,000 men from India alone." There are "Black Britons" in many other quarters.

"PROUD NOT A TEETOTALER."—"The Temperance people are squealing because they are liable to restrictions in their food, being gluttons." So that's the meaning of the advts. about "Strength of Britain," is it?

M. S. (Kensal Rise).—We quite agree that it is a scandal to take the single-handed tradesmen and to exempt managers and employees of big firms and companies. Always are we on the side of the small man.

"TOMMY ATKINS."—"Another publican has been taken on in these works to join the bakers, drapers, parsons' sons and grocers, unskilled and single men dodging the Colours and getting £4 10s. a week." But aren't they being combed out now?

"SOUTHPORT DEMOCRAT."—"See that the dear curates are brought into the man-power scheme." Some have made good already, and we can do with more like them.

C. H. R. (Colwyn Bay).—Of course we have no objection to moderate smoking, though excess in tobacco (as in all things) is harmful. But inhaling cigarette smoke is ruinous to health.

R. H. (Manchester).—So you have had those horrible "Peace" handbills pushed through your door, and you "tripped over them on going out." The public is too level-headed to trip over them in another sense.

A. S. J. (Redhill).—You suggest employing a number of German prisoners as seamen on merchant ships. What has Merchant Jack done to deserve such company?

P. W. D. (Walsall).—"People with pet dogs come and ask for 1lb. of brown sugar, as the poor dog won't eat its food without it." We love dogs, but not that kind of dog.

W. C. L. (Aberdeen).—Cheap-jack, selling dolls described as "M.P.s," recites:—"If you squeeze them they are squeakers. But although they are not speakers They're just as good as those that we have got On £400 a year." Rhythm rocky at the finish—but Truth is Eternal.

"SCOT."—"In our neighbourhood 70 acres of valuable sheep land has been fenced off to breed grouse. Thousands of acres in same lordly ownership are stinted of their capacity for sheep, for the sake of grouse." It is one of those Scottish anomalies we grouse about—but it looks like being remedied now.

L. H. (Mirfield).—Some Tribunals are too lenient, others are too harsh, and others don't know what they are driving at

F. L. (Dunmow).—We agree that now, and afterwards, "a National Government is the correct thing, This can only be brought home to the people by the Press." We will do our share.

F. T. (St. Thomas's Hospital).—Yes, the conjurer who advertises his show "For Children and Wounded Soldiers," might choose his words better.

A. E. T. (Brooklands).—Thought we had choked you off, but you are still around. "Tell Lloyd George not to spend money on refreshments, because many unseen spirits will be there." Does "unseen sprits" mean prohibition? "I often think I won't write to you again." Stick to your thoughts, lady.

"DISGUSTED" (Southampton).—"German prisoners in the Isle of Man were supplied with 200 cwt. of sugar, and geese and turkeys galore!" Even if they pay for it, such kindness to animals is not justified.

A. B. (Camberwell).—"Men over age, with sons at the Front, acting as Specials at Lower Kennington Lane, are ordered and drilled by officers of 20 to 30." But why have *they* not been called up?

"STAUNCH BULLITE" (Worcestersl ire).—The "National Mission" leaflet, telling you the world would be all right if you only went to church, is from the stock of the Parsons' Trade Union.

A. A. M. (Walthamstow).—Our "blockade" sweetly permits food and munitions to go to neutrals on a guarantee that it shall not pass to Germany. But the dear neutrals do not guarantee not to pass *other* food and munitions—to be replaced by the supplies permitted by us!

"OLD POKEMENOSE" (Bow).—"If labour is scarce, how is it that old men like me—46, with wife and three—struggle on at about 25s. weekly, while girls get £3 at the shell factory?" It's the war, "old" friend, that creates such anomalies. We wish you better luck.

"DISGUSTED."—Back from the trenches, you find a German pork-butcher grinning at you in your native town. Can't you intern him? Anyway, he will soon smile on the other side of his face.

"JUANITA" (Herne Hill).—So there's a young man dodging service because he has a weak wrist, yet he can carry his landlady's daughter, a girl of 9 stone, across the lawn. Advise the landlady to examine that wrist of his.

J. J. (Brighton).—You write from a Brighton hotel, but that is no excuse for incoherence. Put more water in it.

A. T. P. (Redditch).—The boy's offence was not a very serious one, but three strokes with the birch-rod can hardly be called a "harsh and inhuman" punishment. Probably the unfortunate youth can sit down quite comfortably by now.

"NURSE" (London, N.W.).—Most of these employment agencies demand high fees, and many play a low game.

"FAIR PLAY" (Egyptian Expeditionary Force).—We have every sympathy with your point of view, but the fact that your father is "sick with his head," need not unduly alarm you. If he began to be sick with his feet, there'd soon have to be an inquest.

"ONE OF THE BOYS."—Take it from us that neither Miss Pauline Chase nor her mother sat as model for "Bubbles," the picture by Millais. When it was painted Miss Pauline wasn't born, and her ma was never a boy.

LOUIE G. (Macclesfield).—"The rising of sugar is disgraceful, With reckoning you will see, The price you pay for it nowadays, Is thrice what it had used to be." No, Louie, we do not need parents to prove you wrote that. We can quite believe it.

PTE. C. P. B.—"Worked seven years before enlisting; got leave from France after 18 months; called to see my old workmates; was turned out of the place and told to wait till they knocked off." Should like to knock off the person who treated a good man so badly.

G. P. (Burton-on-Trent).—"You are the one man the nation looks to for advice in this great crisis." Is that why you give us half-a-yard of *your* advice—none of it new?

"CYMRO" (Wrexham).—Quite right. To be called "Balaam's Prize Ass" was a compliment, for Balaam's ass spoke words of wisdom and reproof.

J. S. (Croydon).—If the local parson preaches party politics from his pulpit, you should visit Hyde Park instead, where that kind of stuff is much better dealt with.

"ELIZABETH."—Life assurance policies are lapsing every day because the holders cannot pay the premiums, but we are sure the Companies would not postpone such payments unless compelled. It's not their way!

H.—"Meat we never see, only in the shop." Go to your local S. and S. F. A., and ask for the help you are entitled to. Don't be shy about it.

G. H. T. (Ilford).—"The females of 20 have nothing to do but parade the streets, swanking in their fur coats, etc." Wonder what the "etc." includes?

"KEEN EYE" (Hull), "EDITH" (Hull) and OTHERS.—"Redouble your energies. Let the game be hot and strong. Go in for the Navy letting the peg go." All your instructions shall be implicitly obeyed.

MR. J. ELAM (47, Wragby Road, Leytonstone).—We can quite imagine that the £1,000 "Bullets" Prize cheque formed a very welcome present on Christmas morning! Although, being on the managing staff of an engineering firm, your time is just now very fully occupied, doubtless you were glad that you managed to spare the necessary few moments to compile the £1,000 winner.

"JAP" (Old Kent Road).—"Why is a dog licence 7s. 6d. here, and only 2s. 6d. in Ireland?" Because in the disthressful counthry it is 5s. cheaper. That's another injustice to Ireland, under the brutal Saxon.

H. A. P. (Kensington).—From JOHN BULL, Aug. 5, 1916.—"*Lloyd George:* 'I tell you, Asquith, unless you support me as I am entitled to be supported—against the whole of the rest of the Cabinet, if need be—I shall place my grievance before the country. And you know what the result of that would be? I should simply step into your shoes!'" The prophet blushes.

A. W. (Blackburn).—An advert. asking for "a transparent boy and girl" was answered by sending two jujube babies, described as "candy-dates, sweet and an-jelly-c. If not transparent enough, suck them a bit." A right merry jest!

C. K.—"A friend says a munitions factory 12½ miles long is being erected in a certain place. Is this an exaggeration?" Can't you find a shorter word?

R. G. (Acock's Green).—"When the manager came in, one of the men, off duty, was sitting by the fire, Should he have stood up?" No reason why a man should not be polite—even to a manager.

A. G. (Bowes Park).—"Don't rest till you get Fanny out of it." We would get her out, poor soul, if we knew what she was in. Is it a hole?

J. W. (Prestbury).—Following previous reply, we note Germhun lessons are still being given in Cumberland C.C. schools at Workington.

C. T. M. (Belfast).—We quite credit your statement that Ulstermen are serving in Scottish regiments, your brother being one of many.

GR. S. W. D. (B.E.F.).—"Which port in the United Kingdom handles the biggest tonnage in a year?" Liverpool.

MRS. H. (Upton Park).—You have a halfpenny dated 1864, and when your boy went to spend it, "they wouldn't take it." So you don't ask its value—you know!

L. B. (Gillingham).—"If we are to win this war, the Tribunals must go." All right. T.M.G.!

E. S. G. (Barnet).—Sorry we are unable to send you any "Surgical Aid Letters," so that you may procure artificial teeth. The demand is always greater than the supply, and we have before us many deserving cases in which they would be a boon. Perhaps subscribers to the Society will note.

"GR. IN ARTILLERY" (France).—The picture postcard bought in the Midlands and "printed in Bavaria" was old stuff. You will be pleased to know that the firm who published it are now wound up.

PTE. T. H. W. (Keighley).—The man "fell headlong into a mine crater, and only ceased to fall when he reached the bottom." No, it isn't a mistake: it's wit.

"GREEK PATRIOT."—The part of your letter written in Greek characters is more readable than your English.

"ONE TRYING TO HELP" (Edinburgh).—Banks and offices that pay women cleaners 5s. a week deserve all sorts of punishment. It is not a dog's wage for such hard work.

G. P. (South Norwood).—There are numbers of young men holding "Naval armlets" who are in no hurry to do their duty. But their time is coming.

"WILTONIAN" (Wilton).—"Old men who have worked a lifetime on the estate for 18s. or £1 a week, have got the sack for asking for 1s. rise." Good Lord!

"TRAWLER."—If you mean that the rescued sailors ate your rations, for which the skipper received £5 extra from the Admiralty, giving you no share thereof, then the skipper was pretty mean.

"A BROKEN-HEARTED HUSBAND."—"Please publish your letter"—all about how wrecked your life is "because your wife has left you on account of the 'bus-girls!" Not on your life. The spoof is too obvious. Try elsewhere.

"MULVANEY" (Monkstown).—"And honestly, we can't wish you, O Hun, Your much desired place beneath the sun; For, if allowed, again you'd *germinate* War, lust, and havoc over all the State." A neat jibe, that.

"MOTHER OF FIGHTING SONS."—"Why should this German woman be employed at the War Office?" She wouldn't be, if we had our way.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

MOTHERS

Will save themselves a lot of anxiety if they keep a box of Peps in the house and give the children one or two tablets to suck on the way to school.

Peps prevent disease from reaching the lungs, and by strengthening the little ones' throats and chests, guard them from infection, especially when epidemics of Whooping Cough, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc., are about.

PEPS

GREAT FUR SALE

WONDERFUL BARGAINS in Beautiful FUR Sets & FUR COATS.
Thousands to choose from. Inspection cordially invited or
A postcard will bring Illustrated Sale Bargain Catalogue.

The WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
145 Cheapside, E.C.
(1st floor).

THE TRENCH PLAGUE CONQUERED.

Our Soldiers' Best Friend in the Trenches is

Somerville's Asiatic Body Cord.

Exterminates all body vermin and prevents them lodging on the person or underclothing for a long time. 1s. each; post inland or to the front, 2d. Ask for and be sure you get Somerville's, from Chemists, or

G. SOMERVILLE, Chemist 2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause its foes TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system restores health and vitality in the most serious and long standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores. Post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

WITH Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"BULLETS" BRING BIGGEST PRIZES.

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☛ A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 11th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(220) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 220, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday January 11th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(220) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 11th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(220) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 221. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach their Offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 25th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 221 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 221, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 221.

A GOOD BEGINNING
GERMANY WANTS
COME TO STAY
HELPING TOMMY
WAR WEDDINGS
WHAT FATHER EXPECTS
TAKEN TO HEART
BUYING SUGAR
A DRY SERMON
GERMAN OFFICERS
A COMMON DODGE
HARD WORK
IN SCOTLAND
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
PRINCIPAL GIRL
MEAT AND DRINK
SHADY CORNER
A RUG'S GAME
UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL
THE KAISER THINKS

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 220.

NO PEACE
COMPOUNDING THE ISSUE
FALSE NOTES
TOMMY
WITHOUT DELAY
WHEN ON LEAVE
GIVING ADVICE
IN THE CABINET
DODGING WORK
STANDING EASY
WHEN POLICEMAN CALLS
VILLAGE CONCERT
TRYING HIS BEST
FOOD DICTATOR
CAUSES ILL FEELING
PUTTING DOWN DRINK
TROUBLE BREWING
DEVIL TO PAY
MAKES FATHER SMART
SWEET NOTHINGS
SEEING HER HOME
GOING TO PRESS
MOST PROMISING
MONEY FOR NOTHING
HER FIRST KISS
HOWLING SUCCESS
WHAT WIFE THINKS
IN THE KNOW
A BIG BLUFF
THE KAISER'S LATEST

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
WHAT WIFE THINKS.
Bullet:—
MEATLESS DAYS, GOOD IDEA.

Example:—
TRYING HIS BEST.
Bullet:—
TOMMY IS ALWAYS.

Example:—
MOST PROMISING.
Bullet:—
PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 27th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated January 6th.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the decision being clever ness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. As four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor understands that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 217TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:-

Mr. E. ELLIS,
Brook House, Park Lane, London, W.
Example:—MAKES KAISER ANXIOUS.
Bullet:—SON NOT "ACCOMPLISHED" ENOUGH.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. T. E. COWELL,
30, Fairlawn Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
Example:—LLOYD GEORGE.
Bullet:—HE DOES EVERYTHING "PRACTICALLY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. J. H. DATHAN,
Elmcroft, Riverside, Staines.
Example:—SHUTTING UP SHOP.
Bullet:—HUNS "DEALT WITH" ELSEWHERE.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. R. STEELE, 48, Mayville Avenue, Scarborough: MAKES KAISER ANXIOUS—"SUBMITTING" HIS NEXT PROPOSAL.

Mr. C. WOOD, Agbrigg Road, Sandal, Wakefield: LLOYD GEORGE—ENGLAND'S ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY.

Mr. J. S. GIBSON, "Oaklands," Wistaston, near Crewe: REGARDLESS OF COST—GERMANS "FED" ON "VICTORIES."

Mr. J. F. POTTER, Cranleigh, Paignton, South Devon: THE WRONG MAN—WE THOUGHT PREMIER ONCE.

Mr. PATRICK COPE, 113, Joy Street, Belfast: SHUTTING UP SHOP—NO PASSERS BUY.

Miss F. ANTHONY, 12, Lesbia Road, Clapton, London, N.E.: TELLING THE WIFE—THE TALE—OMIT DETAIL.

Mr. J. SIMPSON, Rankines Buildings, Crossgates, Fifeshire: GETTING A MOVE ON—WAITER NOTICED CONFETTI.

Mr. J. A. VALENTINE, 9, South Road, Fraserburgh, N.B.: TURNING THE SCALES—THROWING IN OUR "LOT."

Mr. A. NEAL, 1, Burr Villas, Bexley Heath, Kent: NEEDS A REST—SELDOM DRILL-INSTRUCTOR'S IDEA.

Mr. W. MATTHEW, 3, Arthington View, Hunslet, Leeds: WELCOME CHANGE—NURSE ON TOMMY'S ARM.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. SIDNEY HAIGH, 101, Carholme Road, Lincoln: MATRIMONIAL BLISS—IF ALL CLUBS COMMANDEERED.

Mr. N. CORDINGLEY, 13, Geranium Ter., Holbeck, Leeds: LLOYD GEORGE—"SET UP"—ENEMIES "UPSET."

Mr. ALFRED THOMAS COZENS, Wilkin's Green, St. Albans: MISLEADING LADY—"MONKEYS" ABOUT FOR "KNUTS."

Miss D. BORROWS, 11, Park Road, Brentwood, Essex: TURNING THE SCALES—ENGLAND'S BANK BALANCE EVENTUALLY.

Mr. H. N. TOWERS, 17, Sandringham Rd., S. Gosforth, N.C.: LITTLE ON—LOSER, WHEN WIFE KNOWS.

Mr. C. PALSER, Coastguard Station, Cape Wrath, Durness, N.B.: MOST UNWISE TO—THINK SALONICA GIBRALTAR.

Mr. C. HAWKES, 63, Hagley Road, Edgbaston: ROBBING THE PUBLIC—"GROUNDS" FOR A PEERAGE.

Mr. G. PACKHAM, 53, East Road, Kingston-on-Thames: LITTLE ON—MODERN SAFETY-MATCH TOPS.

Mrs. B. WOOD, 1, The Mead, Hartley, Cranbrook, Kent: POOR RELIEF—PROSPEROUS BROTHER'S "BUCK UP!"

Mr. F. ADAMS, 186, Hainault Rd., Leytonstone, London: MATRIMONIAL BLISS—A "ROMANCE" THAT "SELLS."

No. _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, January 11th.**

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(220) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

H. SLY, 5, Brokenborough, Malmesbury December 9th. 821,534.

E. ARMSTRONG, 134, Ravenhill Road, Belfast. December 9th. 342,158.

Mrs. M. HAMMERSLEY, Hawthorne Cottage, Meir Heath, Blyth Bridge, Stoke-on-Trent. December 9th. 862,434.

Miss M. RONALD, "British Queen," 154, Price Street, Birkenhead December 2nd. 330,693

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 30th.

014,035	356,572	586,410	921,338	A246,181
045,691	379,396	600,992	947,526	A267,936
082,480	390,421	673,186	988,075	A298,475
106,532	395,804	716,864	A041,862	A325,760
147,728	453,586	749,315	A094,236	A356,821
183,345	474,018	765,040	A099,319	A389,108
199,111	499,350	791,847	A103,582	A430,293
267,433	522,025	847,639	A114,072	A443,560
281,215	548,100	873,076	A198,806	A525,287
324,738	571,297	874,404	A213,394	A559,648

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Jan. 10th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 30th 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers A35,068 and A35,162. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Jan. 6th, 1917 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Jan. 6th, 1917

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

.....

In Colombo, well it's hot, and a most perspiring spot,
But our coolie takes it coolly, as you see,
For he doesn't care a jot,
As he takes us for a trot,
But he'd like to smoke the lot
Of our fragrant Chairman Juniors 10 *for* 3.

The taste for Chairman Juniors is extending everywhere where smokers appreciate good Virginian Cigarettes. There are two good reasons why they are liked—they are really good and they represent the utmost value at their price. Their quality is standard and guaranteed, as they are the original Chairman Cigarettes in every particular but size and that is just a trifle smaller to enable them to be sold by tobacconists and at canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

There are no coupons or cards in Chairman Juniors. All the value is in the cigarettes and the necessary carton.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.